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A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.]

The *Nation* is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union, $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York. Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1909.

The Week.

"I like to affirm that I am an optimist," said the President in his speech at Berkeley. And yet if there is anybody in the length and breadth of this optimistic country who has less occasion than any other to make this affirmation, we should say it is William H. Taft. His unfailing smile has become as familiar a national landmark as were some of the facial characteristics of his eminent predecessor, who himself was nothing if not an optimist. All Americans are optimists, and all American public men are *ex officio* optimists of the first class. To be sure, there is optimism and optimism, and its manifestations differ from man to man. That Mr. Taft is a straight-out optimist was sufficiently established even before he had to pronounce the tariff bill very good; since then anybody who would doubt it must be compact of skepticism. The one exception that we can recall to the steady domination of optimism in the high places of our nation for many years past was furnished by Grover Cleveland; and none of his triumphs was more remarkable than the extraordinary hold he maintained for many years on popular sentiment, in spite of his frequent striking of a non-optimistic note—a hold only broken when the panic of 1893 made everybody more or less of a pessimist for the time being, and thus perhaps put an extra premium on optimism.

There is cause for national congratulation in the fact that Mr. Taft, while visiting the Yosemite Valley last week, was accompanied by John Muir, who thus had abundant opportunity to talk to him about San Francisco's proposed conversion of the Hetch-Hetchy Valley into a water-tank. Not only has Mr. Muir made our national parks his home for many years, and written books about them, but it was largely through his efforts that some of these parks were set aside as playgrounds and holiday resorts of the American nation. It was at his instance that the Hetch-Hetchy Valley, which some nature-lovers, including the landscape painter, William Keith, consider even more picturesque than the Yosemite, and the turbulent upper waters of the Tuolumne were added to the Yosemite and the whole declared a national park. The grant was unfortunately worded in a way which made it possible for Secretary Garfield to permit San Francisco to covet the Hetch-Hetchy, and the next Congress will be asked to take away this superb valley from the nation and make a present of it to the city, which, as eminent engineers have shown, does not need it, as it has thirteen other available sources of good water. The grant, if made, would exclude campers and sightseers not only from the Hetch-Hetchy, but from virtually one-half of the national park. "Dam Hetch-Hetchy!" exclaims Mr. Muir indignantly. "As well dam for water-tanks the people's cathedrals and churches, for no holier temple has ever been consecrated by the heart of man."

Dr. Cook might confer a favor by explaining one disquieting point about his observations. The determination of the latitude, day by day, with a very fair degree of accuracy, offered no special difficulty, granted that he had satisfactory means of getting the horizon; but how he could ascertain the longitude with any sort of approach to precision, unless he devoted a very great amount of pains and time to it, seems a mystery. With his chronometer reading Greenwich time, nothing can be simpler, to be sure, than to determine the longitude by noting the time of the chronometer when the local time is noon; but how to tell the moment of noon when you are within striking distance of the Pole—there's the rub. At a latitude of 88 degrees, for instance, the elevation of the sun varies by only two degrees in the course of six hours; to determine the precise time when that elevation is greatest needs an extremely delicate operation, and yet an error of one minute of time in the determination of noon means an error of fifteen minutes of longitude. In the face of all this, we find Dr. Cook setting down his longitude as well as his latitude to the minute; and he leaves us in no doubt that the longitude was determined by astronomical observation. The very day before the Pole was reached, he says: "The observation gave latitude 89 degrees 46.5 minutes, longitude 94 degrees 52 minutes"; and, finally, in describing the capture of the Pole itself, he tells us that "the sun indicated local noon," leaving us to imagine what possible thing that may mean.

Such a point as this, which on its face tends to discredit his whole story, should be cleared up at once. Three months must elapse, according to Dr. Cook's recent statement, before his evidence is ready for submission. Meanwhile he is utilizing this period of suspended judgment on the part of competent critics to transmute into very handsome profits the uncritical enthusiasm of the multitude. That this is not a situation in which a man of a delicate sense of honor would be willing to place himself goes without saying; but the public, and the organs of public opinion, have, perhaps, no concern with the question of Dr. Cook's standards of propriety in such a matter. But they are concerned with the possibility that the public is being exploited—that it is being led into delivering both honors and dollars without due warrant. And the time seems plainly to have come when, without in the least prejudging the case, a protest should be made against any further continuance of this suspense. Dr. Cook has finished the publication of his serial newspaper story; he has given a number of lectures in various parts of the country, at high admission prices, to great audiences; now let him address nimself to the task of establishing his case to the satisfaction of competent and impartial inquirers.

Before the Pressed Steel Car Company's strike is wholly forgotten, it is only just to record the commendation given to the Pennsylvania constabulary for their services at McKee's Rocks. As usual, the constabulary had a number of men killed and wounded—which seems to happen in almost every great strike attended by violence—and this led to arbitrary measures in arresting and disarming strikers. Before the end of the affair, however, strikers and constabulary were playing baseball together;

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and it is gratifying that Mr. Rufus D. Smith of the Pittsburgh Associated Charities has only praise for the State police. In a recent review of the whole episode, he writes that the arbitrary and rough methods of dealing with the strikers alone prevented further violence. "On the other hand," he says:

> The State constabulary did its work efficiently, and was heartily glad when the strike was over. The men were young, clean, disciplined, and of a high calibre. This body consists of picked men, with previous army training, always in good condition, and ready for action. In the thickest of the fight precipitated by the rashness of the deputy sheriff . . . the troopers, even when surrounded by a fighting mob of men, were careful where they shot.

Pennsylvania, being the State of strikes, is peculiarly in need of a body of excellent men like this. Its cost must be offset by the many dollars the State would have had to pay for militia policing—always more expensive than constabulary, because of the inexperience of the militia. A similar constabulary is greatly needed in other Northern States, and in every Southern one; but so far they have been inexcusably slow in following suit.

Four years ago, the disfranchisement proposal known as the Poe amendment was defeated in Maryland by an overwhelming majority. This year an amendment having the same purpose, but drawn on somewhat different lines, is before the people for ratification, and bids fair to meet the same fate, though the majority against it cannot be of the phenomenal magnitude that was obtained in 1905. In that campaign a very large proportion of the voters opposed the amendment out of fear that, while primarily aimed at the negroes, it put into the hands of the registrars a power of disfranchisement which might be used against any class of voters hostile to the ruling party. This was due to the fact that voters who did not come in under the "grandfather clause" had to submit, not to a *bona fide* educational test, but to the test of satisfying the registrars by giving a "reasonable explanation" of any clause of the Federal or State Constitution which the registrars might select.

Even the victims of customs-house methods must be impressed with the fine Roman spirit of it all. Mr. Loeb and the Treasury officials are determined to prove that, whatever may be said of American indifference towards law and law enforcement, here is one government department that lets neither public resentment, nor personal protest, nor decency, nor common sense abate one jot or tittle from the prescriptions of the law. Art dealers are now being forced to pay duty on paintings over twenty years old, contrary to the new tariff schedules, because they cannot, in all cases, comply with the provisions that call for a statement of the year and month in which the work of art was produced. Did Sir Joshua Reynolds put the finishing touches to a particular Duchess late in March, 1764, or early in April? Did Franz Hals begin work on a $50,000 Burgomaster's Wife on a Monday or a Thursday? As for that lovely bit of late Mycenean sculpture, kindly specify whether it was begun and completed within thirty days, or, if the lunar month prevailed then, within twenty-eight days. And so art dealers pay under protest and wait for some one in Washington to wake up before they get their money back.

While we have heard little of late of Mr. Edison's concrete houses for workingmen, to be made by the wholesale, the last issue of the *Survey* contains an interesting account of the $1,200 concrete house designed by Mr. Milton D. Morrill, a young Washington architect, a model of which was exhibited in the International Tuberculosis Congress of 1908. It can be made not only a house beautiful, but a house of amazing simplicity of operation. Insurance will not be necessary, for window and door frames are to be cast in steel, and walls will be of smooth concrete to be tinted or papered, while the flooring will be of concrete or of a composite terracotta. The furnace is not to go in the cellar, but is to be in the kitchen. A combination furnace and range, it will, by an ingenious device, burn up all garbage. The icebox will be built into the wall, with openings out-of-doors as well as in. The coal is to be stored on the roof, if you please, to which it is to be readily hoisted by a chain block. The two tons stored will slip down to the range automatically, as needed. In place of a piazza, the flat roof is to be converted into a solarium, or playground, and by the use of awnings is to be made a sleeping place, if desired. The walls are to be hollow, allowing a free passage of air, on the principle of the vacuum in the thermos bottle. But housekeepers will be particularly interested in this statement:

> All corners are rounded to give no harbor to dirt, and all fixtures are bracketed from the wall, so that sweeping consists merely in removing the furniture, attaching the hose and flushing ceiling, walls, and floor of each room.

If this alone does not sell the houses, we should like to know what will. The only detail lacking is the size of the $1,200 house and the number of rooms. In the picture in the *Survey*, the building appears to rival the Vanderbilt mansions in grandeur.

When we consider that Hudson did not discover New York Bay, but that Verrazzano did; when we consider that Fulton did not invent the steamboat, but that Fitch did; when we consider that Bell did not invent the telephone, that Morse did not invent the telegraph, that Gutenberg did not invent the printing-press, that Morton did not discover anæsthesia, that Darwin did not discover evolution, that Shakespeare did not write "Hamlet," that Homer did not write the Iliad, that Galileo did not say "And still it moves," that Wellington did not say "Up guards and at them," that Washington did not win the battles of the Revolution, that Robespierre did not create the Reign of Terror, that Nero was not a monster, that Cleopatra was not beautiful—when we reflect that history is emblazoned with the titles of usurpers and that true merit lies unchronicled in the grave, let us address a word or two of apology to that much-berated enemy of the truth, the newspaper. If history, with a thousand years' leisure at her disposal, cannot find out just who set up a new throne or pulled down an old one, let us forgive the reporter if he misspells the Christian name of the prominent citizen who was thrown from his automobile at 2:30 A. M.

The importance of the latest Shakespearean controversy is somewhat mitigated by the reflection that whether Dr. Wallace turns out to be right or the older view regarding the site of the Globe Theatre prevails, the tablet commemorative of Shakespeare's genius will, in either case, be erected in a brewery. The interests of truth may

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suffer some temporary damage in the quarrel, but the shade of Falstaff will remain content. Ultimately, we take it, expert scholarship will come to an agreement, but meanwhile it is a bit saddening to find expert scholarship the prey of very much the same prejudices that influence Mr. Jones, Mr. Schmidt, and Mr. Riley when they debate the discovery of the North Pole. If so many Shakespearean students, so many noble lords, and so many honest London citizens were not committed by the memorial tablet to one side of the street as the location of the Globe Theatre, would there have been such a vehement repudiation of Professor Wallace's argument for the other side of the street? We are very much afraid that the authority of vested interests holds in the domain of star-eyed science as it does in the law of property. Human nature rules here and there.

Of the many topics commented on by Mr. Howells when interviewed on his return to this country, there is but one upon which he uses strong language. The burning questions of socialism, taxation, woman suffrage, on which the veteran writer is known to have pretty definite views, are discussed with the philosophic serenity of a looker-on in Vienna; but when he comes to tell of the effort now being made in London to carry on a tipless hotel he warms up decidedly. "If that can be done," he says, "it will abolish the whole cursed thing, because the other hotels will not be able to stand out against a no-tip opposition." The nuisance of the tip system is becoming greater in our large cities than anywhere else in the world, and Mr. Howells will have put thousands of his countrymen on the lookout for the emergence of the brave pioneer who will establish a tipless restaurant or hotel. There is only one way to abolish tips, and that is to act on Horace Greeley's maxim as to resumption of specie payments. The way to abolish tips is to abolish them, and it can be done only by the proprietor making a rule against tips, the violation of which means the peremptory discharge of the receiver. Every traveller in Italy has an object-lesson in the possibilities of such action when he sees, in that classic land of begging and tipping, the complete absence of the system at the centres of art or archæological interest in charge of the government. The peace of mind secured by this elimination doubles the pleasure of the visit.

The Liberal press in England protests against the assumption that the King's mediatory attempts will lead to a compromise on the Budget between the Commons and the upper house. Winston Churchill has reaffirmed the Government's intention to do or die. Royal intervention is resented in some quarters as an additional handicap imposed on the Cabinet. Is it not enough that the Liberal party must contend against a permanent majority in the House of Lords? Must its popular majority submit to pressure by the throne as well as by hereditary privilege? That would indeed make the execution of any Liberal programme impossible. But it is exceedingly doubtful if the King has tried to bring about a settlement by advising the Liberal ministers to moderate their demands. What the King could more usefully do is to counsel the Unionist leaders to yield to the Liberal demands. The aristocratic upper house is naturally the more susceptible to royal suggestion. Its members are more dependent than the Commons on the King's good-will in the sphere of social relationship. Many a peer who otherwise would readily obey Lord Lansdowne's order to vote down the financial bill, might hesitate if the act involved not only antagonizing the Commons, but making one's self *persona non grata* at court. Edward VII's aversion to a row of any kind is notorious.

It has remained for a German, and a German prince at that, to discover the true and underlying—and, by the same token, the irremovable—cause of English enmity to Germany. Apprehensions connected with the increase of German naval power are but a superficial element in the case, and jealousy of Germany's commercial expansion lies but a little deeper. It is Fürst Lichnowsky who lays this bare, in an article in the *Deutsche Revue*. It will be impossible to get rid of the German peril in England because British statesmen need it for the purpose of maintaining the higher qualities of the nation, threatened with progressive decadence "such as is represented by Oscar Wilde or Bernard Shaw." When the English statesman sees the decline of the ancient virtues and the old-time energies of his countrymen, the thought must inevitably come to him of making use of the Germans on the one hand as an example and on the other as a terrible peril. Since nothing is so well established as the fact that British statesmanship is always based upon profound abstract considerations, it is a wonder that this explanation of existing conditions has not been brought out before. Incidentally, the prince remarks that nothing has so wholesome an influence upon men as fear, a fact sufficiently proved by the effectiveness of the fear of hell; and since there are no signs of a revival of the good old-fashioned idea of hell, it is as plain as the multiplication table that British statesmen will feel bound for an indefinite period to make use of Germany as the only available substitute.

For a people of thrifty habits and much practical wisdom, the Chinese of late years have grown very fond of cutting off their noses to spite their faces. The commercial boycott, first used against us about five years ago, seems to have caught the Celestial fancy. The boycott is now agitated against Japanese goods in retaliation for Japan's aggressive policy in Manchuria. A little while ago, the Chinese of the southern provinces were boycotting British merchants because of a quarrel over court jurisdiction. Before that, the Chinese of the south were boycotting Japan in connection with the celebrated incident of the ship Tatsu Maru and smuggled arms. It is well if a nation recognizes her deficiencies—as the Chinese recognize their military impotence—and fights with the weapons it can best employ. But the weapon too often used will obviously lose its edge. Like the general strike in Russia a few years ago, the boycott from formidable becomes ridiculous. There is ground, besides, for suspecting the good faith of the Shanghai merchant who is in favor of bringing trade to a standstill every six months. While his simpler competitor believes and obeys, our shrewd boycotter undersells him on the quiet. That happened during the anti-American boycott, when wily Chinese traders laid in new stocks at reduced prices. In the end the Chinese consumer pays high, by formal indemnity and increased prices, for this form of pacific resistance.

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PRESIDENT LOWELL'S INAUGURAL.

With earnestness and enthusiasm the new president of Harvard devoted himself in his inaugural to some of the pressing problems before him. Reconstruction of the American college is, as he pointed out, urgent everywhere. To the problem as a whole, every institution contributes when it takes its own forward steps. Hence, waiving general discussion, he went straight to the root of some of the evils with which he must himself grapple in Cambridge. It is to be noted, too, that he spoke as president of Harvard College, deferring for the present his views of the problems of the University. This in itself is significant. Mr. Eliot's chief interest was the University, so much so that the College, rightly or wrongly, has deemed itself neglected, and must therefore now feel that it is once more coming into its own.

For it is the question of the undergraduate that rests most heavily on Mr. Lowell's mind. He made it clear that he is not one of those who could look contentedly at the crushing of the college between the upper and the nether millstones of the professional and the secondary schools. Far from being willing to abandon the American college, Mr. Lowell holds that it is capable of even greater service to the country than heretofore. Taking Harvard as it exists, he expresses well the feeling of thousands of recent graduates that the lack of the old solidarity, when classes numbered fifty or sixty, is deplorable; that the elective system needs recasting, or that the undergraduate's studies should be better directed and controlled; and that the student's attention should be centred more on his studies and less on other interests. Mr. Lowell's willingness to admit that there is anything wrong with the elective system is in itself a break with previous tradition and policy, but a break for which he can find ample justification. Let him turn, for instance, to the just-published report of the class of 1894, now fifteen years out of college. The doubts expressed by a majority of its members as to the value of unlimited election of studies, as seen in retrospect, are highly significant. But what shall be substituted? So far as Mr. Lowell went in his inaugural address, he holds that the wise policy for undergraduates would be that "of devoting a considerable portion of their time to some one subject, and taking, in addition, a number of general courses in wholly unrelated fields." In other words, he desires an education which shall make a man a fair master of a specialty with enough training in other studies not only to give him a ground-work of culture, but to render him "capable of turning his mind effectively to direct preparation for his life-work, whatever the profession or occupation he may select."

To aid in producing men who know a little of everything and something well, Mr. Lowell proposes, as he has heretofore indicated, a series of honor examinations which shall stimulate to higher scholarship. These will doubtless be patterned after the Oxford examinations in literature, mathematics, and science. Something is certainly needed to make undergraduates respect achievements in scholarship as they do those of the athletic field. But the proposed honors can hardly be effective unless there comes into undergraduate life a wholly different attitude toward college work. Such a change may well be forwarded by the new scheme of freshman residence suggested by Mr. Lowell, giving a closer affiliation of students with the younger instructors, and that general inspiration to intellectual attainment which comes from contact with older and well-charged minds. Too often, heretofore, a man has spent four years at Harvard, and left without the memory of a single friendship with a teacher, with no spark of enthusiasm from the mind of one aflame with the desire for knowledge and truth. But we would not seem to under-value the proposed honor courses of study. The only real objection to them is that they will place a heavier burden on the overworked professor, even now often curtailed of strength and time for productive work, to such a degree that, as Mr. Lowell said, "America has not yet contributed her share to scholarly creation."

So far as the social life of the student is concerned, while Mr. Lowell might well have laid greater emphasis on the evil of athletics, his stand in regard to the democratization of the college must appeal to everybody. Harvard suffers but little more than other colleges from the false standards that mark social life in our rich communities. Every college, in its endeavor to place men on a common footing, has an increasingly hard fight against such foolish parents as that insurance company official who did not know what his son's allowance was because his secretary sent the boy whatever he wanted. Mr. Lowell's plan for housing the freshmen in separate quadrangles, we have already discussed, to approve. It means a long step forward, not so much in what it may actually accomplish, as in the abandonment of the impotent *laissez faire* policy of the past, in the face of new and luxurious dormitories, built by private capital, and utterly out of place in a society of scholars. Present conditions breed not merely the waste of scholastic opportunity which Mr. Lowell laments, but that class feeling, based on material possessions, against which every democracy must fight as for its life, and which is nowhere so incongruous as in the republic of science and letters.

About these and still other questions there will be much more to say as time passes. The essential point for thanksgiving to-day is that Charles William Eliot, the greatest pathfinder in our collegiate history, is followed by one who adds to noteworthy scholarship and equal idealism an insight into the weaknesses that have grown with our educational strength. It might easily have been Harvard's fate to have fallen into the hands of a business man, pure and simple, or into those of one absorbed in scholastic matters, without thought of the human problems involved. Her good fortune attends her in that the direction of her affairs has gone to one who sees clearly the needs of the hour, and is ready to grapple with them in a spirit of self-devotion, which, in itself, augurs success.

THE MORSE SENTENCE UPHELD.

The decision rendered Monday by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, upholding the sentence in the case of Morse, the bank wrecker, is an event of the first importance. One aspect of the decision peculiarly interesting at this time is the way in which it strengthens the wholesome tendency, at last manifest in our courts of appeal, to ignore trivial objections. What the court says on this head is plain common sense, and it expresses what must become the standard attitude of our higher courts if justice is to be placed on a sound footing

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in these days of enormous legal and business complexity. "In an unusually protracted trial," says the decision, "depending upon a wilderness of figures and during which a vast number of complicated transactions were investigated, it is not unnatural that mistakes should have been made. Neither is it surprising that judges removed from the excitement of the forum, who have time to examine the events of the trial as they appear when portrayed in cold type, should have discovered some rulings which may be open to criticism. But we are convinced that no prejudicial error was committed." Only by taking this stand can the administration of criminal justice, when applied to men of wealth or resources, be made a substantial reality, instead of a game of combined skill and chance, with the odds all in favor of the man who is fighting the law.

So far as public opinion is concerned, that appeal to the easy-going sympathy of the American people which is always made in conspicuous cases has here taken rather a curious shape. The very magnitude of the disaster caused, or at least precipitated, by Morse's dishonest operations has been made the basis of the most prominent and probably the most effective pleas in his behalf. Had it not been for the panic, we have been told again and again, Morse would never have been prosecuted so vigorously; he has been made a scapegoat, and it isn't fair to do to him what would not have been done under ordinary circumstances. Such a view of the matter may be creditable to the good-nature of our people, but it is anything but creditable to their sense of justice or of expediency. If it be true that the administration of justice in our country is so defective that a man may systematically violate the laws, endanger the safety of millions of money entrusted to his care under solemn obligations of fidelity, make false entries in his books to cover up his illegal transactions, and yet count upon immunity unless his crimes happen to result in a national calamity—if all this be so, is it rational to conclude that we ought to let the culprit off even in the one case in which we can lay hands upon him? Rather, is it not sounder doctrine and truer consistency to brace up the processes of justice in the ninety-and-nine cases where it fails, and not to nullify them in the one case where it succeeds?

However, it is only necessary to read the Court's decision in order to see that the conviction of Morse was not the result of undue severity, occasioned by the distress of the panic. The acts charged against him were of a definite and specific character. As a matter of course, those upon which the jury actually passed must have been, in the nature of things, only a little specimen of a multitude of similar transactions; but, at least, the illegal use of the bank's funds and fraudulent entries to conceal such use were fully established. Thus the higher court finds neither any substantial error in the conduct of the case by the court below, nor any reason for upsetting the jury's conclusions as to the facts. Such being the case, nothing remained to consider but the severity of the sentence, and on that head the Circuit Court of Appeals likewise found no just ground of complaint. Nor should the public. If fifteen years' imprisonment is too heavy a penalty for gross and continuous misuse of bank funds for the purpose of deliberately carrying on vast schemes of reckless speculation, then we had better make a radical revolution in our whole scale of punishments. Custom has hardened us to the spectacle of big criminals like Morse getting off with light punishment or none; now let those who are such sticklers for consistency demand that the little criminals—the people who commit petit larceny or pass counterfeit coins, or swindle people in a common confidence game—receive sentences of a few days in jail. The truth is that the glamour of wealth and success blinds us to the true nature of rascalities committed in the high fields of finance; and we have substituted for the benefit of clergy that prevailed in the days when a "clerk" was admired and feared of the people, an unwritten law of benefit of prosperity. Now, however, the signs point to a gradual but ultimately thorough emancipation from its dominion.

MANŒUVRES AND THE MILITIA.

The reported decision of the War Department against further army and militia manœuvres comes as a surprise—even to army officers, as Gen. Wood's interview of Friday morning attests. It was not understood that the hardships of the troops taking part in August were extreme—certainly they were not so severe as those experienced a year before in the camp at Pine Plains in this State. Lack of food at times there indubitably was. Some men went nearly twenty-four hours without a real meal, and fodder for horses was frequently lacking. This was due to the inexperience of the militia commissaries and quartermasters and to the reliance upon improvised transportation. Instead of taking regular army trains, reliance was placed on the wagons of farmers and on coal trucks secured in New Bedford, with the double purpose of placating the farmers and of teaching the troops what to do when turned adrift in a strange country. This was carrying realism too far, particularly as there were few farmers' carts available for the invading army. Many of these broke down, and frequently soldiers who had "fought" and marched all day, had, on bivoucking, to go to the assistance of disabled wagons and haul them into camp.

So far as the published official reports go, the actual disabilities appear to have been fewer this year than last. But that there were any serious complaints is a reason for taking up anew the whole question of the relationship of militia and regulars in this matter of joint manœuvres. The truth is that, since the war with Spain, the status of the National Guard has undergone a change. It is no longer merely a State body, as originally organized, drilled and trained for emergency duty, but is developing as a reserve to the army. At the present time, however, the militia is neither quite one thing nor the other. The old status and ideals have been abandoned, but the actual position as a reserve to the regular army has not been attained. Nor, in our judgment, can it be attained. If we must have such a reserve, it would be better to create one, according to the plan proposed in Secretary Root's time, when there was suggested a reserve of 100,000 men, honorably discharged from the regulars and paid a small sum to go into camp once every year for several weeks.

This is the European plan, and such reserves might be either in separate organizations or utilized as additional battalions of existing regiments. At present, we ask the physically impossible. Our militiamen are intelligent and thinking bayonets, of better physique and better officered than ever before. But in

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New York, at least, they are required to drill only once a week for twenty-four weeks and to go into camp only every other year. The great bulk of them lead sedentary lives; many of them do not walk two miles a day. Yet at these long intervals they are thrown into camp with regulars, generally in the hottest period of the summer, and are driven to exercises that tax the endurance of men trained to service. Since the manœuvre period lasts for only eight days, it is packed with problems and drills. No opportunity is given to the militia to break themselves in gradually, and the only wonder is that a great deal more physical injury is not inflicted than is actually the case. Obviously, if these manœuvres are really to be of value, some way must be found to lighten the burdens, to extend the drill period, and to work the militia up to them so that they may meet the tests in an approximately adequate physical condition.

So far as the militiaman of the ranks is concerned, we have no hesitation in affirming that he will learn more if the joint manœuvres are abandoned and he is put into brigade camps, together with a regiment or battalion of regulars as an example to pattern after. A week's leisurely marching and camping in a pleasant country, with moderate battle exercises toward the end of the period, would send the men home better trained, happier, and in an improved instead of an exhausted physical condition. The main object in the training of the private soldier is that he shall learn to camp, to take care of himself in the open, to protect his bivouac, and march, and also that he shall acquire some knowledge of extended-order drill.

The real *raison d'être* of manœuvres on a large scale is not, of course, the training of the private soldier, but of the higher officers—the generals, and the staff officers who must feed and supply the troops. Militia quartermasters ought surely to be drilled in provisioning brigades before they tackle divisions or armies; and if still larger forces are needed for the sake of experience, it is a question whether the regular army is not a great deal better fitted to experiment on than thousands of callow youths, large numbers of whom break down—as they did in Massachusetts in August—because they have not been supplied with the right kind of footwear. Much is heard, nowadays, about the usefulness of militia as coast artillery reserves. This is ridiculous. Highly trained, technical troops are not made by one drill a week for six or seven months and by going to camp every other year. If militia are to be used as infantry guards to coast artillery forts, then, again, they can learn everything needful in brigade camps such as we have suggested. But they cannot be both fish and fowl. A militia and a reserve to a regular army on European lines are two wholly distinct things. Only the marine, who is a professional warrior, can be both soldier and sailor too. The National Guardsman cannot be a breadwinner 358 days in the year, and on a par with regulars, for manœuvre purposes, on the other seven.

HOW FAR WE ARE GERMAN.

The writer in the Berlin *Tägliche Rundschau* who has just transferred these United States from the Anglo-Saxon to the Teutonic firmament yields to a common disease among German students of things American. Pretty nearly every traveller from the Fatherland is under the duty of pointing out that we are not as English as we appear. The rest content themselves with pointing out that we are not as German as we ought to be. Professor Lamprecht was neither the first nor the last visitor from east of the Rhine to deplore the failure of the German element among us to impress themselves duly upon our civilization and our institutions. It is an old complaint that the Kaiser's subjects, under new skies, abandon too readily the ancestral language and culture. Excellent raw material for nation-building, they seem content to play the part of brick and mortar without attempting to shape the builder's designs or the architect's scheme of ornamentation. Thus runs the usual complaint. It makes way now and then for the more complacent "Well, bricks and mortar constitute a mighty useful part in building operations, and, anyhow, see what might have happened if things had fallen thus and so." Such a critic is the *Rundschau* writer when he asserts (1) that we are really a Germanic nation embracing 30,000,000 souls of Teuton descent, and (2) that if Muhlenberg of Pennsylvania, Speaker of the first House of Representatives, had not been recreant to his fathers' language, Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan would now be speaking in German periods.

Why should Muhlenberg have insisted on conducting the debates of the first Congress in German? There is no reason why. A volume fresh from the Census Bureau, "A Century of Population Growth, 1790-1900," comes pat to the subject. The first Census did not concern itself with registering the place of birth or the place of parents' birth. But taking the names of the heads of families as a basis for determining nationality, the experts at Washington distribute the white population in 1790 into English, 83.5 per cent.; Scotch, 6.7 per cent.; Irish, 1.6 per cent.; Dutch, 2 per cent., and Germans, 5.6 per cent. North of New Jersey, the German element was almost non-existent. It was one-half of 1 per cent. in Maine, less than one-tenth of 1 per cent. in the rest of New England, and four-tenths of 1 per cent. in New York. With New Jersey's 9 per cent., we strike ore. In Pennsylvania, the Germans were 26 per cent. of the population, in Maryland 5.9 per cent., in Virginia 4.9 per cent., in South Carolina 1.7 per cent., in Georgia, Kentucky, and Tennessee, 2.8 per cent. Take the German population by itself, and no less than 70 per cent. was concentrated in Pennsylvania, while Virginia had 13 per cent., Maryland 8 per cent., and North Carolina 5 per cent. In only four States, therefore, did the German stock form more than one-twentieth of the population, and in only one, Pennsylvania, did it reach a point where it attained the least probability of influencing the language of the State as a whole.

As to the strength of German culture in 1790, the Census Bureau's volume supplies us with a single index. In that year the number of newspapers and periodicals published in the United States was 103. Of these there were six in the German language, corresponding almost exactly to the German ratio of population. All six were published in Pennsylvania, one at Germantown, *Die Germantauner Zeitung*, one at Lancaster, one at Reading, and three in Philadelphia, among the last, *Die Chestnuthiller Wochenschrift*. Pennsylvania's publications in all languages numbered 23, so that here, where the Germans were planted in solid bulk and where, if anywhere, they might exercise a cul-

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tural influence disproportionate to their numbers, their newspapers run again exactly parallel with their population ratio. The one-fifth of the German population resident in the Southern States had not a single one among the twenty-four publications in that section. Evidently, we were not, in 1790, tottering on the brink of Teutonic culture and only saved from the plunge by Speaker Muhlenberg's treason to the language of Goethe.

The second point made by the *Rundschau* metaphysician, namely, that 30,000,000 Americans to-day are of German descent, is wrong, and badly wrong, but not so absurdly wrong as the enormous total would seem to imply at first sight. The problem is, of course, an extremely complicated one. It can be discussed only in a way apt to give great pain to the trained statistician. But on this point the Census Bureau itself indulges in a little pleasant speculation. In 1900 we had 35,000,000 of native stock, natives, that is, of native parentage. Allowing the German blood the same ratio it held in 1790, we get nearly 2,000,000 souls of that strain. In 1900 the population of foreign birth or foreign parentage numbered 29,000,000, and of these the Germans were between seven and eight millions. Add this to the old native stock and we have a total of 10,000,000. But allowance must also be made for the probably higher rate of fertility among the German population of old native stock. In any case, the remarkable change that has come over the face of the original thirteen States is illustrated in an analysis made in 1900 of the schedules for Hartford County, Conn., and Columbia County, N. Y., "which were regarded as typical urban and rural counties, respectively," and which remained practically unchanged in boundary from 1790 to 1900. In 1790, Hartford County had no German residents; in 1900 they formed 12.2 per cent. of the population. In 1790, Columbia County's German population was four-tenths of one per cent.; in 1900 it was 17.2 per cent. A claim of fifteen million people of German descent in this country may not be excessive, and an error of fifteen millions is not very bad for a hot-blooded Pan-Germanist.

A HOLMES CELEBRATION.

The name of Oliver Wendell Holmes is associated so prominently with the delightful wit and wisdom of the Autocrat, and with his poetical works, that the celebration of his one hundredth birthday at a special meeting of the Medical Society of the County of New York must have been a surprise to many persons of the younger generation. Yet this remembrance of him by the medical profession is justified not only by the fact that he filled a professorship in the Harvard Medical School for five and thirty years, and had been a medical practitioner for twelve years before entering on the professorship, but by something much more significant. The same freshness of thought, the same combination of boldness and sanity, the same keenness of insight, that characterize the talk of the Autocrat and the Professor at the Breakfast Table, distinguished him both as a teacher and as a writer on medical subjects; and he made more than one valuable special contribution to medical knowledge. When the medical men claim him as their own, they do no more than justice to his work in the field of medicine and to the influence of his medical studies upon his literary achievement. It is safe to say that in the combination of qualities which gives to the writings of the Autocrat their distinctive attraction, the training and experience of the physician were an essential element.

In this year of notable centenaries there have been commemorations of more illustrious men than Dr. Holmes, but there has perhaps been none that recalled a figure more interesting or more refreshing. The mere dates of his life are pleasantly suggestive. It was not until his forty-eighth year that he devoted anything more than a fugitive attention to literary production; and then his entrance upon the work that has made his name a household word was due to the happy accident that the projectors of a new magazine asked James Russell Lowell to be its editor, and that Lowell made his acceptance conditional on the coöperation of Holmes. We confess to a feeling of envy for the people of that older time when we think of the beginnings of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and hear that it was only saved from an early death in the panic of 1857 by the fascination of the Autocrat papers. That is not the sort of thing we are now in the habit of looking for as an explanation of the prosperity of a magazine.

But not only did this astonishing medical professor start in at the age of nearly fifty to captivate his countrymen by a series of witty and original *causeries* on every subject under the sun, but he maintained the same freshness of spirit and the same vivacity of expression almost to the close of his fourscore and five years. In "Over the Teacups" we do, indeed, find a falling off from the first sprightly runnings of the Autocrat, though the same genial quality shines through here and there; but this is to be ascribed to the difficulty of keeping up indefinitely one particular *genre* rather than to any real decline of vigor. That his hand had not lost its cunning is witnessed by the preface to the new edition of his Medical Essays, written in 1891, at the age of eighty-two. Speaking of the history of homœopathy since the days when he had written about it half a century before, he refers to the doctrines of the "mind cure" and the "faith cure" as encroaching on the homœopathist's territory. "It would not be surprising," he says, "if the whole ground should be taken possession of by those new claimants, with their flattering appeals to the imaginative class of persons open to such attacks. *Similia similibus* may prove fatally true for once, if homœopathy is killed out by its newborn rivals." No sign here of any intellectual decay.

To the making of Dr. Holmes's wit went many qualities, and qualities of an elusive character. The man who wrote both "The Last Leaf" and "The Chambered Nautilus," both "The One-Hoss Shay" and "Old Ironsides"; who was recognized as the most delightful talker in a group of friends that included Longfellow, Lowell, Agassiz, and Motley, but whose love of humor did not prevent him from waging a life-long warfare against dogmatic narrowness, whether in theology or in medicine—such a man had evidently too wide a range of gifts to be caught himself in a formula. But if there is one quality more than another that can be pointed out as distinctive, it is the combination of boldness and wit with sanity and open-mindedness. An unblushing dispenser of half-truths, he knew how to put them so that, while losing none of

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their point, they were not to be mistaken for whole truths; using epigram and paradox with a fertility seldom surpassed, he yet never got out of sight of solid common sense. In these days of Christian Science, psycho-therapy, and ghost-craft, nothing would be more amusing and few things would be more wholesome than the steady play of a wit like that of Oliver Wendell Holmes. What is good or true in any of them, he would have frankly recognized; at what is preposterous or pretentious, he would have thrown the shafts of his satire and his logic; and through it all we should have enjoyed the dexterity and fertility of his fancy. In celebrating his anniversary, the New York Medical Society recalls a memory which it is always a pleasure to revive.

LAURENCE STERNE.

I.

To Walter Bagehot, reviewing the first edition of Percy Fitzgerald's "Life of Sterne," it was matter for surprise not that Sterne's life had not been written in detail until 1864, but that it ever was written in detail at all. It was, he opined, a simple life, and one that offered small material for the biographer. H. D. Traill, who based his short Life of Sterne upon Mr. Fitzgerald's, wrote of the latter after eighteen years: "It is hardly too much to say that it contains . . . nearly all the information as to the facts of Sterne's life that is now ever likely to be recovered." Bagehot's opinion and Traill's prediction have been falsified by the facts. Looking both backward and forward from 1864, we find not only ample biographical materials, old and new, but also numerous essays toward a biography of Sterne, testifying to a lively interest, rather controversial at times, in a personality and writings which are far from simple, and which still leave room for much honest difference of opinion. A brief account of these biographical essays will help to fix the value of the latest and best of them—that by Professor Cross;* which in turn affords opportunity for a re-appraisal of Sterne's problematic character and works.

Numerous fanciful articles in the newspapers exploited Sterne during his lifetime; and his friend, Hall-Stevenson, exploited him after his death, in an inaccurate biographical notice prefixed to a spurious continuation of the "Sentimental Journey" (1769). Sterne's own "Memoir," published in 1775 by his daughter Lydia, for whom he wrote it, is a prime source of information about his ancestry, and his life before 1762. John Macdonald, once footman to a friend of Sterne's, and "La Fleur," once valet to Sterne himself, both contributed to Sterneana in 1790—the one a striking and probably true account of Sterne's death, the other much apocryphal matter about his travels in France. Some of this, reprinted in 1814, was used again in 1823, together with Sterne's "Memoir," by Sir Walter Scott, for one of his "Notices of Eminent Novelists." In 1851, Thackeray, himself sealed of the tribe of Sterne, attacked him with the bitterness of family dislike, in the last lecture on "The English Humorists." To this attack I shall return later; at present it is enough to say that Thackeray's unfavorable opinion of Sterne rested largely upon a mistake of fact, a mistake which remained uncorrected for many years because it arose from Thackeray's private inspection of a document unknown to the public until 1878, and not published until 1904—Sterne's famous "Journal to Eliza" (Mrs. Draper). Meanwhile, in ignorance of the "Journal," Whitwell Elwin published his *Quarterly* article in 1854 (reprinted with additions, 1902)—the first serious endeavor to form an estimate of Sterne by induction from all his works, from his letters as they were then arranged, from the opinions of his contemporaries, and from his life as far as it was then known. To Mr. Fitzgerald, however, belongs the credit of having written the basic biography of Sterne. And yet his "Life" (1864), though it more than satisfied Bagehot, and served as a foundation for Traill's volume in the series of English Men of Letters, was to be wholly superseded by a revised edition in 1896, based upon fresh materials and almost entirely rewritten. The biographer availed himself of the "Journal to Eliza," then still unpublished, but in the British Museum since 1894, and of much else that had turned up in the interval since 1864—Sterne's school copybooks, for instance; his important letter to his uncle, and several other letters—material some of which profoundly modified the basis for an opinion about Sterne. In fact, Mr Fitzgerald's estimate was largely the outcome of a reaction against his own earlier opposition to Thackeray's view: he was led around to the severe opinion he had opposed before. The result is a certain uncharitableness and controversiality of tone. Despite this, however, and despite some incoherence and much inaccuracy, Mr. Fitzgerald's "Life" is most readable; indeed, in its reminiscences of travel on Sterne's track in France, is quite delightful. The article by Mr. Sidney Lee, in the "Dictionary of National Biography" (1898), correct in the main, repeated some traditional errors, but offered a valuable bibliography and interesting remarks upon Sterne's literary influence. In 1904 Professor Cross edited the Works of Sterne, reprinting with them Mr. Fitzgerald's Life, which he corrected in an introduction and footnotes. For this edition, too, he wrote other valuable introductions, involving thorough study of Sterne's literary and personal character, and place in literature. He rearranged Sterne's correspondence in chronological order, making of it thus almost a new biographical document. He printed numerous unpublished letters, though he omitted as spurious some published letters which his later investigations have proved to be genuine. He published for the first time the "Journal to Eliza." He reprinted, together with other miscellanies by and about Sterne, the important "Yorkshire Anecdotes" sent by John Croft to Caleb Whitefoord in 1795 and 1796, but not published till 1898. Thus qualified for the task of biographer and critic, and further qualified for that of critic by his studies in the evolution of the novel, Professor Cross came to the preparation of the present Life.

Here again he has employed material hitherto unused—not only his own Introductions to the Works of 1904, the Letters as there rearranged, and the miscellanies and anecdotes there published; but other letters besides, some of them still unpublished, in part from Sterne's letter-book, now in private hands, in part from the Parliamentary "Report on Manuscripts" (1903); as well as the first (and full) edition of Sterne's pamphlet, "A Good Warm Watch Coat" (1759, unknown till 1905); and numerous contemporary periodicals, letters, and memoirs, and records legal and ecclesiastical. Despite the warning example of Bagehot and of Traill, it certainly seems safe now to say that the harvest has been reaped, and that whatever, if anything, remains ungathered in this field must prove to be only gleanings.

II.

The present biography differs again from its predecessor in dealing more largely—as its title indicates—with Sterne's contemporaries and "environment." Sterne saw the best company; and his biographer exhibits him in association, personal or literary, friendly or hostile, with many distinguished persons of his time. The names of Garrick, Smollett, Johnson, Goldsmith, Gray and Hume, of Richardson and old Lord Bathurst, of Warburton, Wilkes and Horne Tooke, of Reynolds and Romney, Hogarth and Gainsborough, of Walpole, Lyttelton, Chesterfield and Pitt, illustrate these pages. Sterne visits France, is received by d'Holbach's circle, knows Diderot and d'Alembert, piques the curiosity of Choiseul, makes a bargain with the younger Crébillon, and a convert of Mme. de Vence. From Dr. Eustace of

*"The Life and Times of Laurence Sterne," by Wilbur L. Cross, Professor of English in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University. New York. The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

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North Carolina he receives a cane; he meets Benjamin Franklin and books his subscription for a volume of Sermons; he is pleased to get an introduction to clever Miss Graeme of Philadelphia, and he corresponds with the young Virginian, Arthur Lee. There are pleasant particulars of travel: "Bring your silver coffee-pot," Sterne writes to his wife, "'twill serve both to give water, lemonade, and orjead—to say nothing of coffee and chocolate; . . . as also a strong bottle-skrew." The heroic physic of the time—with its bleeding and purging, its *bouillons à santé* made of boiled cocks and male crayfish, its Elixir of Bardana, Dr. James's Powder, and Van Swieten's Corrosive Mercury—enlivens the biography, though it helped to kill the man. So agreeable is Professor Cross's gossiping vein that one has scarcely the heart to remark how it leads him here and there into irrelevancy. This is the pardonable weakness of a writer who knows his subject in every detail. His wanderings are the more venial in that they are not mere speculations of his own: relevant or not, when he professes to be stating facts, it is facts that he states, and his assertions are conscientiously "documented." The reader, too, cannot but be grateful for a love of detail that has furnished so many interesting particulars, hitherto obscure, about Sterne's life before he acquired fame.

Especially diverting is the Trollopean chapter on the intrigues that were rife about York Cathedral Close concerning the Commissaryship of the Peculiar Court of Pickering and Pocklington—a name that is simply too good to be true. It was Sterne's satirical pamphlet entitled "A Good Warm Watch Coat" that dissolved in laughter the ire which had risen in the celestial minds of deans and chapters, archbishops and pluralists. This account is a distinct improvement upon Mr. Fitzgerald's comparatively meagre and incoherent version of the same events. Notable, too, as containing valuable matter mostly absent from Mr. Fitzgerald's Life, is the section on Sterne's reading (The Parson in his Library). Having given honor due, as of course, to Rabelais, Cervantes, and Burton, the greater among Sterne's literary ancestors, the chapter offers illuminating notes upon the lesser or more obscure. Here is Arbuthnot, with remarks on breeching and education; here is Bishop Hall, from whose sermons Sterne conveyed whole paragraphs. Here are D'Urfey, Dunton, and Flud, in whom he found blacked pages and blank pages, dashes and index hands, misplaced chapters, antenatal chapters, and a preface in the middle of the book. Here are Bouchet and Béroalde de Verville, with other compilers of facetiæ and inventors of *galimatias;* Bruscambille, a gate to the vast literature Of Noses; and many another source of out-of-the-way lore on logic and cursing, law civil and law ecclesiastical, fortification, gunnery, obstetrics and theology—"the sisters three, and such odd branches of learning." It is well that information about the *provenance* of Sterne's works should form part of his biography, instead of being left for scholars to disinter from Dr. Ferriar's "Illustrations" or from special studies of Sterne's literary pedigree.

A slip and an omission have been observed here. All the references to Ozell's version of Rabelais (pp. 132, 236, 238, etc.) plainly imply that Ozell was the translator; whereas in fact he merely revised (1757) the standard translation by Urquhart and Motteux (1708), adding Le Duchat's notes from the Amsterdam edition (1711) of the original. Again, Croft added to his partial list of Sterne's favorite books the remark that "he was allso a great Admirer of the pathetick novell Le Doyen de Coleraine." Professor Cross omits this title from the list quoted from Croft (p. 131), nor does he mention it elsewhere. It is the Abbé Prévost's "Le Doyen de Killerine." The hint is one that a biographer might have done well to follow up; for the story—about a benevolent deformed unmarried brother who (*inter alia*) is exposed to the fascinations of a wily lady on a sofa—was probably not lost upon the creator of my Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman.

It may be regretted, too, that the strict design to present a personal rather than a literary history of Sterne has excluded a chapter upon Sterne's literary progeny and collateral descendants—a chapter for which Professor Cross's previous studies, together with those of Messrs. Thayer, Baldwin, and Texte, furnish ample material. To trace Sterne into Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling," into Bulwer-Lytton, into the early work of Charles Reade, into Thackeray, who, despite his revolt, felt Sterne "along the blood," into Dickens, into George Eliot, into Diderot and Gautier and De Maistre, into Goethe and Lessing, even into Mr. Le Gallienne's posturing, Mr. George Moore's devotion to obstetrics, and his sentimentalizing about a consumptive waitress—this would surely have been a grateful task to Professor Cross, and must have issued in a chapter most welcome to the reader. Sterne's literary posterity, as well as his literary ancestry, should have a place in his Life.

When all deductions are made, this Life of Sterne, which is every way as readable as Mr. Fitzgerald's, decidedly improves upon the latter in fulness, accuracy, coherence, and impersonality. Its large inductive basis in fact, and, maybe, the perspective of time, have enabled Professor Cross to deal more charitably than his predecessor with Sterne and with Eliza, and to avoid Mr. Fitzgerald's controversial tone. Certainly, in all matters of fact Professor Cross's Life quietly takes the lead. Together with Sterne's writings, of course, it constitutes definitely, one must think, the basis upon which its readers may be justified in forming each his own temperamental opinion about Sterne. It instructs us; it makes each of us an expert and a judge.

III.

The indictment against Sterne has many counts. Walpole gave currency to the epigrammatic charge, whose point Byron sharpened, that Sterne neglected his mother. Thackeray must have had an inkling of its untruth, for he did not repeat it. He did fall foul of Sterne, though, for making love to Lady Percy while making love to Eliza ("English Humorists"). These two charges are groundless. The first of them is disposed of by Sterne's manly letter to his uncle (April 5, 1750), which remains uncontradicted, and which in itself bears the stamp of truth. The elder Mrs. Sterne regarded Laurence's marriage to an heiress as a gold mine for herself. Not content to remain in Ireland, where she had been living upon her pension and "by the help of an Embroidery school that she kept," she must come to England and besiege her son there. Her daughter, who lived with her, stupidly and snobbishly refused lucrative employment. The son contributed generously, and at a very real sacrifice, to his mother's support at Chester, but he was not prosperous till after her death: and she could not reasonably complain if he did not settle upon her a part of his wife's income. At length, upon one of her predatory visits, Dr. Jaques Sterne, who had quarrelled with his nephew Laurence and wished to embarrass him, "placed Mrs. Sterne and her daughter Catherine in some charitable institution at York, perhaps the workhouse or 'the common gaol,' and then spread the report that they were there by neglect of the Vicar of Sutton"—viz., Sterne; "a hard report which might do me (as a Clergyman) the most real disservice," Sterne justly complained. Such was the origin of the lie that Sterne was unfilial. It is time this lie were "nailed." As for Thackeray's charge, it is literally annihilated by the true chronology of Sterne's letters. The *billet-doux* to Lady Percy has been shown by Professor Cross (Life, p. 343n; and edition of Letters) to belong to April, 1765. Sterne did not meet Mrs. Draper until 1767.

The truth is, though, that Sterne, in some ways a good husband and in nearly every way a good father, was always having a love-affair with somebody not his wife. These amours, if not guilty in a conventional sense, were still both the effect and the cause of a most injurious relaxation of character into morbid and attenuated sentiment—into a general de-

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bility, in fact, and deliquescence of the emotions. Sterne's low state of physical vitality, which in Professor Cross's view is a palliation, seems to me rather to take away the excuse that charity might have granted to a robust and overmastering passion.

The biographer is indulgent, too, to Sterne's duplicity. It does not look well that Yorick should traduce his Eliza; and we can only hope that Professor Cross is right in his supposition that "the disrespectful reference to Mrs. Draper" in one of Sterne's last letters was "edited in" by Lydia. But there is not even a supposition to palliate the sanctimonious hypocrisy of Sterne's letter to Warburton about Hall-Stevenson's "Odes," or his self-confessed lie to Eliza about those unnamed friends of hers whom he wished to discredit because they had interfered between her and himself. It were to be desired that Professor Cross had adverted to these actions, and that out of his broader knowledge of Sterne's life he had either offered some excuse for them or left them expressly without excuse. As he has said nothing about them, we have no choice but to condemn. Greater ingenuousness on the part of Sterne's biographer might here have done less disservice to Sterne's memory.

IV.

Fundamental, thus, to Sterne's books, as well as to his life and personal character, is a relaxation of mind which loses salutary distinctions—an irrational mental habit which so dissolves idea from idea that it can neither set up one thing clearly against another, nor combine two things into an inclusive one. This essential of his psychology is worth dwelling on.

Sterne told Suard that "the sacred informing principle of his soul" was one "which exalts and varies, in sudden and unexpected ways, all sensations." In the same conversation he went on to praise the philosophy of Locke, which commended itself to him especially because it "never attempts to explain the miracle of sensation; but reverently leaving that miracle in the hands of God, it unfolds all the secrets of the mind." The portion of Locke's philosophy thus emphasized, Sterne was indeed temperamentally predisposed to understand and to like; other portions were to him, I think, almost sealed. At best he could make but little of the philosophy of perception, of conception, of judgment, of reasoning, of "secondary ideas," of all subsumption of two or more concepts under a generalization, of all that elaborate mental superstructure which soon conceals the sensations upon which it rests. But Locke's doctrine that the mind at birth is *tabula rasa*, that it has no innate ideas, "Platonic" or other, that, in fact, such ideas have no real existence, inasmuch as there are no universals, and that the immediate and only source of knowledge is the impact of an outer world upon the mind—Locke's nominalism, dualism, and sensationalism in a word—Sterne's mind could readily grasp and Sterne's temperament would eagerly accept. For to Sterne likewise the generalized, the universal, does not exist; all that appeals to him is the separate object and moment of consciousness—the sensation with its attendant emotions. In him reaction is instinctive; it is an impulse: there are no "higher centres" or "inhibitive associates" to check it, no middle terms or broader concepts to spread it out thin. "Reason," he said, "is half of it sense." And prudence, caution, discretion, which the world calls virtues, he was ready to condemn as vices They tend to smother impulse, to sickly it o'er with the pale cast of thought, and make it lose the name of action. For others the sober second thought upon mortal considerations; for him the immediate reflex, the squeeze of the hand, the dropping tear.

If Sterne could have reasoned the matter out, he might have declared, like some philosophers of the present day, that reason falsifies life by taking the juice and raciness out of life. He much prefers that life shall be, for him, disparate, discrete, discontinuous; not unified, but pluralized; each moment held only so long as to enable him to degust it, and then left to its fate, untransformed, nay, untouched, by reason, or by memory, or by hope. In this way all moments and objects of sensation become of equal value; there is no bothersome ethical scale; all is coördinate; nothing is higher than anything else, or includes or subordinates anything else by way of genus or law. Theory, law, generalization, make their appearance in Sterne only to be laughed at: witness the Shandean hypotheses concerning noses, auxiliary verbs, and given names. That which, according to Huxley, constituted Herbert Spencer's concept of tragedy, bulks large in Sterne's concept of comedy: "A beautiful hypothesis killed by a cruel fact."

But Sterne could not have reasoned the matter out. It is not easy to reconcile Professor Cross's assertion (p. 515), "In the background of Sterne's character . . . lay, as Bagehot once pointed out, a calm pagan philosophy," with his other assertion (p. 519), that Sterne "gave way to the emotions of the moment, receiving no guidance from reason, for he had none." In fact, *pace* Professor Cross, what Bagehot said was not that Sterne possessed a calm pagan philosophy, or any philosophy at all, but that "Sterne was a pagan." There must have been at Alexandria—and for that matter at Athens, too—many pagans who were not philosophers. Sterne is of these. He does not love to be wise: on the contrary, he opposes with all his sensation-loving soul the translation of sensation into law, and of experience into wisdom. Philosophy in any proper sense he has none; he simply has high spirits.

Akin to the confusion of thought and of terms involved in attributing a philosophy to Sterne, is the confusion latent in Professor Cross's thesis (pp. 190, 445) that "Tristram Shandy" really does possess plan, and that there is method in Sterne's madness, inasmuch as he "playfully organized" his whims "on Locke's theory of associated ideas." Thus the begetting of Tristram suggests his birth; his birth, the midwife; the midwife, her being set up in trade by Yorick's wife; Yorick's wife, Yorick; and so on *in sæcula sæculorum*. Well, so do Dame Quickly, and Juliet's Nurse, and Miss Bates, and many other delightful females, both in fiction and out, follow the lead of their associated ideas. The fact is that Sterne is, like them, the plaything of his mental associates. And why not? All states of consciousness being of equal value, why subsume two or more under one, or—giving one state undue attention and time—stay by it till it drops? Rather hurry on, with all possible diversity, digression, and divagation, with swift transition, with alarums and excursions, to the sensuous and emotional content of a new moment suggested by the old.

V.

No final judgment upon Sterne can ever, I think, be passed. He will be more or less acceptable to different times, to different peoples, to different men, and, notably, to different moods in the same man. Judgment upon him is, more than in most cases, a matter of temperament. But what makes the question worth discussing at all is that Sterne will, to different times and peoples and men and moods, be present to be judged. For, after all, despite his want of any rule of life, he does present a type of personal and literary character that is pretty complete and permanent. Much in the same way as my Uncle Toby gets himself made into a character with a minimum of planning on Sterne's part, so does Sterne himself come after a while to stand for something definite, something in which we all share, something that is likely to last. He has even suffered over-development, he has suffered moral obliquity, like Machiavelli's prince, that he may realize a perfect type. He stands for all that poses, for all that feels without judging, for all that is double and inconsequential and incoherent, for all that is at loose ends, in each of us; for that "bit of chaos" that each of us carries about. It is by virtue of this that he makes his appeal. Just in so far as we long to have every sensation, every image, informed with an idea, he will repel us. Just in so far as we are in-

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terested in the Many, not the One, he will attract us. Only in poetry, only in the prose of men greater than Sterne, do the form, the color and the sound, the fragrance and the magic of sensation body forth wisdom and the laws of life. There, but never in Sterne, do the Many become the One.

Certainly, both the "tender-minded" and the "tough-minded" will agree in rejecting some part of Sterne, for this is a matter more of the stomach than of the mind; but, in general, they will split upon him as upon all things else. Those who do not wish to "wallow in unbridled unity" will find in him a kindred soul; those who see in the choir of heaven and furniture of the earth a hierarchy and a symbol, those for whom "Alles Vergängliche ist nur ein Gleichniss," can never rest in him a longer time than the contrary mood takes to pass away. But if the transcendentalist is ever inclined to be too hard on Sterne, he will do well to remember his own contrary moods of illusion, to remember that he himself likewise bears about with him the human heritage of yet unconquered chaos, and to give ear to Sterne's own request: "As we jog on either laugh with me, or at me, or in short do anything—only keep your temper."

S. L. WOLFF.

New York City.

FRENCH FICTION.

PARIS, October 1.

In his new edition of "Le Roman en France pendant le XIXe siècle." (Plon), which was crowned by the French Academy, Eugène Gilbert gives a chapter on the French novel during these last ten years, and of this season's crop there are ten names which were known to fame before the century's turn. Of these, Marcel Prévost signalizes his election to the French Academy by the publication of "Pierre et Thérèse" (Lemerre), which had already received the consecration of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. This writer, even when he portrays the subtle, subconscious motion of the worldly woman's soul, or of the young woman trembling on the world's edge, is full of ideas and much common sense. Thus has he so long retained his position as spiritual director of the modern female—*similia similibus*. There are two ideas, at least, in the present novel; and they are modern enough. Pierre, the husband, has made his fortune masterfully, barely avoiding the law of the land rather than watchful of honor and morality. Thérèse, the wife, is of a family where high moral sensitiveness is a matter of inherited nerves and heart; but the masterfulness of the *parvenu* holds in willing thrall the more refined soul, even when she discovers that business and morals have clashed dreadfully. Here the first idea is evidently that of Paul Bourget's "L'Étape"—no man can entirely skip natural stages in the social ascension: the conscience, such as it is, remains. The second idea is pure Marcel Prévost: ingrained feelings of honor will be cast to the winds before the casuistry of a wife's enforced love. Along the way, there are intense and tragic situations, which, like the ideas, do not enter into traditional English notions about French novels. Finally, without the name being mentioned, there is Nietzscheism in the book, as there is in the ambient air, even of our own business men.

A more notable woman's novel—by a woman—is "Le Droit à la force" (Plon) by Daniel Lesueur (Mme. Henry Lapauze). She had written more than thirty novels, all fairly successful, besides a few plays and a complete translation of Byron, before she leaped into the forefront of her sex's thought with "Nietzschéenne," which the present story follows. In peaceful country scenes, the worthy brother has to sacrifice honor and love to the unworthy, whose hands moreover are imbrued in blood, until more blood is shed on the principle "Every being has a right to force against cowardly and low malice." This unwritten law is supposed to be the mental property of American men, rather than the literary baggage of French women writers; but the underlying love story of an "ingenuous" soul makes the book womanly. The author has already had to protest with force against the use made of this novel by *The Indian Sociologist* to countenance the recent murder of an Englishman by a Hindu anarchist.

J. H. Rosny, the old signature of two brothers who are both of the Goncourt Academy, appears once more in "Nymphée" (Société Française d'Imprimerie), although it has been announced that each author will henceforth make himself known individually. Together, they have won a faithful public. The present book belongs to their prehistoric romances, where anthropological science is tempered by psychology of modern souls, and the wonted acrid style is softened by imaginations of primeval love and adventure. The prehistory is perhaps more real than in our English books; the story is startlingly different. For "Les Sept Femmes de la Barbe-bleue" (Calmann-Lévy), and other marvellous tales, Anatole France uses more than prehistoric fancy and more than modern cynicism, with graces of style in proportion and edification in inverse ratio. The first wife shows bears at a fair; the second is a drunkard; the third smells of onions; the fourth is too hospitable; the fifth, a fool; the sixth, a prude; the seventh kills Bluebeard, who, for his own part, has killed never a wife! In "Les Confidences d'une 'Biche'" (Lemerre) Abel Hermant continues his "memoirs (realized conceptions of his own) to serve for the history of Society." In this number the society about which confidences are made is that of the Second Empire, whose frivolity and light brilliance were conceived as orgies by those who were not of it. The Lady Ventmor who makes these confidences is now a blonde with another existence; she was brunette, and known as "La Solférino" forty years ago in the life she recounts lovingly with somewhat too high flavors from Abel Hermant for the diet of the young person. Evidently an author so completely the master of his thought and style could not bring all these dubious memories of the past to light without crude flashes on the present.

Paul Margueritte, who, with rare lapses, may be taken as a serious writer, publishes in the cheap, illustrated, popular series a new novel, "La Flamme" (Fayard). "La Coure à l'abîme" (Roger & Chernoviz), by Ernest Daudet, is a romance under the Terror. This writer, who is older than his more famous brother Alphonse, has been a prolific author of estimable books, historical in matter when not in form. The history is based on learning, conservative in trend, and the writing is both readable and amiable.

"Le Vent du boulet" (Monde Illustré), by Georges d'Esparbès, is a good, old-fashioned soldier's tale of Napoleon's war in Spain in 1808. This writer may be little known abroad, but he has had a solid popularity in France from his first book in 1893, always with trumpets and guns and laughter of camp-followers, and withal the virtues of soldiers whose business 'tis to die.

"Le Feu de joie" (Lemerre) must be nearly the eightieth novel of René Maizeroy, a baron and ex-officer descended from generals and marquises of the old régime; of which his books smack in their portrayal of very modern lives. "La Folle Passion" (Lemerre) is a new novel by Marie Anne de Bovet, who at one time at least was well known in both England and America and has remained a popular writer at home in France.

André Lichtenberger won his first and lasting success on the threshold of the twentieth century with his Petit Trott and sister, whom the French Academy crowned. No one expresses better or more kindly the not inarticulate soul of the French child of to-day. "La Petite" (Librairie des Annales) follows up the girl where she looks to the advancing shadow of young womanhood. The gown of Lilette is now "demi-long."

"L'Homme sans figure" (Pierre Lafitte), by Albert Boissière, is a feat of fantastic story-telling like the other novels of this author. Without the slightest human sympathy for his faceless man, the reader is swept forward from one intensely strange and interest-

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ing episode to another. "L'Aiguille creuse" (Pierre Lafitte), by Maurice Leblanc, continues the extraordinary adventures of Arsène Lupin, some of which have been translated for English readers. This new series, while still outdoing Sherlock Holmes, transports us into all sorts of picturesque survivals of romantic times more proper to the French genius.

Charles Pettit in his first book introduced us to China, which he knows so well, and to Chinese womanhood, which he probably has divined. It was delicate as porcelain, cruel as the tortures of a nerveless race, and amusingly unmoral. The lighter side comes out more uniformly in his new story of "Pétale de rose et quelques bonzes" (Calmann-Lévy). Lucie Delarue-Mardrus, known as an ultra-modern poetess, and wife of the ultra-complete translator of the "Arabian Nights," publishes "Le Roman de six petites filles" (Fasquelle). The story is rather for the mothers—and elder brothers—than for the little girls themselves; and some of the incongruities are more than enormous. Frenchmen and women are said to be lacking in humor; but here is a Frenchwoman overburdened with it. Of course, there is much delicate writing in between.

"Le Médecin" (Fasquelle), by Charles Edmond Lévy, is from a new author, who begins well, if a little clumsily. He must himself be a doctor, to have studied so minutely the rôle of the physician in families and society; and an analysis of the kind is useful quite apart from literary pleasure. Louis Delzons, a Paris lawyer, now laudably writes under his own name, although his first notable court romance was signed Louis Estang. His present novel, "Les Mascran" (Calmann-Lévy), is the story of an old provincial family of notaries whose desire to "appear" in the world of which society papers talk leads them step by step from châteaux and officers' clubs and haunts of more newly rich, through love, covetousness, politics, to the loss of honor, and even of its notion. This fate of a family rich and respected in its own world by inheritance, when transplanted into the struggle for society life, forms one of the strongest novels of late years. "Francine Davier" (Ollendorff), by Madame Pierre de Bouchaud (wife of the writer on Italian art and poetry), studies a *petite bourgeoise* who seemed condemned to gray days with old people in her lone village. The world of books is revealed to her, and when at last she comes to Paris, without ceasing to be of her little world, she soars high at the Sorbonne, and, later, off to Italy, so that when she has to come back to her village she bears a kingdom in her mind. Henry James treated tragically such a person; this story is happier, more helpful, and perhaps not less real. S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The four auction houses all hold sales next week. Buyers are, for the most part back from their summer vacations, and from now on books of the better class will be frequently offered.

In four sessions, afternoons and evenings of October 19 and 20, the Anderson Auction Co. will sell Part I of the library of Collin Armstrong of Quaker Ridge (Scarsdale), N. Y. This library is mainly made up of modern books and of issues of the Bibliophile Society, Grolier Club, Doves Press, Essex House Press, and other private or limited series, including several autographed copies of William Loring Andrews's publications. Among the books illustrated by George and Robert Cruikshank are first editions of the "Life of Napoleon," by Dr. Syntax; "The English Spy," by C. M. Westmacott; "Scraps and Sketches," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and others. Books illustrated by Kate Greenaway, Randolph Caldecott, and Walter Crane are also represented. Among sets there is a fine complete series, thirty-two volumes, of the original Townsend Cooper, every volume having the correct Townsend imprint; a large paper set of Chalmers's "British Essayists" (1866), and of the works of Aldrich, Hawthorne, Holmes, Emerson, J. M. Barrie, and others. The most notable first editions are those of Eugene Field, twenty-seven lots, and Lafcadio Hearn, nineteen lots; but first editions of other modern authors are represented.

On October 21 and 22, the same house will offer a collection, including a portion of the library of the late George D. Denniston of Pittsburgh. A set of the Halliwell-Phillipps Shakespeare, seventeen volumes, folio (1853-65), each volume enclosed in a levant morocco slip case; the Dictionary of National Biography, original issue in sixty-three volumes; subscription sets, some on Japan paper, of the works of Fielding, Dumas, Hugo, Dickens, Tolstoi, Stockton, and other writers; and illustrated books, specimen bindings, etc., are included.

On October 18, the Merwin-Clayton Sales Co. offers a collection, including a series of books on the American Indians, some first editions, and a small lot of book-plates.

On October 19, 20, and 21, they sell the first part of the important library of Charles M. Wallace of Richmond, Va. Hakluyt's "Voyages" (1589); Burk's "History of Virginia" (1804-16), with the rare fourth volume; Venegas's "Natural and Civil History of California" (1755); Carver's "Travels Through the Interior Parts of North America," the first edition (1778), as well as the more desirable third edition (1781); McCall's "History of Georgia" (1811-16); Haywood's "Natural and Aboriginal History of Tennessee" (Nashville, 1823), one of the rarest of local histories; Hennepin's "Nouvelle Découverte" (1697), with maps and two plates; Joutel's "Journal Historique du Dernier Voyage que feu M. de la Sale fit dans le Golfe de Mexique" (1713), with the rare map; Stith's "History of the First Discovery and Settlement of Virginia" (Williamsburg, 1747); and McAfee's "Late War in the Western Country" (1816), are a few among many first-class items included in this portion. Robert Fulton's "Torpedo War and Submarine Explosions" (1810), with five plates, and "An Account of the College of New Jersey" (Woodbridge, 1764) are unusual books which are likely to bring record prices.

On October 18 and 19, Stan. V. Henkels in Philadelphia sells the eighth and final portion of the library of ex-Gov. Pennypacker. In this sale is offered his collection of books relating to the University of Pennsylvania, including a remarkable series of medical theses. Bibliography and miscellaneous books, mostly relating to Pennsylvania, a series of early lottery tickets, and a collection of American book-plates and tickets of old Pennsylvania book-sellers and libraries make up the sale.

On October 19, 20, and 21, C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston sell the books of the late C. B. Tillinghast, librarian of the Massachusetts State Library. A collection of books on Arctic exploration, about one hundred lots, including the original manuscript of Scoresby's Journal (1823); a very extensive collection of the works of John Ruskin, first and later editions; a full set of the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register* (1847-1908), 62 vols.; *Notes and Queries*, 132 vols.; Savage's "Genealogical Dictionary of the First Settlers," 4 vols.; and many titles of local New England history are included.

Correspondence.

THE DUTCH UNIVERSITIES.

To the Editor of The Nation.

Sir: It was proper that beside the American celebration of the beginnings of New Netherland and of steam navigation in America, there should also be a Dutch end, so to speak, of the festivities. Amsterdam in 1609 was the point of departure for Hudson, and of the arrival of Bradford and the Pilgrim Fathers. Accordingly in July, 1909, subscriptions in sufficient number and value having been secured, five historical tablets, the gifts of American citizens, were erected at Utrecht, Amsterdam, Nijkerk, Leeuwarden, and Leyden. Of these functions, two were celebrated in universities, two in churches, and one in the legislative hall of the Frisians. At Utrecht, July 9, the trustees, faculty, alumni, and friends of Rutgers College made salutation in bronze to the Academiam Rheno-Trajectinam, as "matrem almæ matris nostræ." John H. Livingston, a graduate of Yale University, and one of the last American students in the Reformed Dutch Church to cross the seas to study theology, took his doctor's degree of divinity at Utrecht University in 1769. Returning home, he became the breath of life to the newly organized college on the Raritan, adding to the old world motto, *Sol justitiæ illustra nos*, the words, *et occidentem*. At Leyden University, a tablet, presented by the Netherlands Society of Philadelphia and the University of Pennsylvania, was affixed to the house in which lived Jean Luzac, famous as a journalist and for the championship of the American cause. Luzac was also a professor in the Leyden University, in which at least one President of the United States, John Quincy Adams, was educated. Of the other tablets, one rests on the walls of the great church at Nijkerk, the home of the Van Rensselaers, whence also came Arendt Van

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Curler, founder of the city of Schenectady. The Amsterdam tablet in the English church celebrated the tercentenary of the arrival of the Pilgrim Fathers in the city "where religion was free for all men." The fifth tablet was a "memorial of gratitude," for the first vote taken in the States of Friesland, to recognize John Adams and the United States of America. Leading up to this event in 1781 was the agitation by the students of the University of Franeker, in the same province. As a result, eight million guilders were loaned to the Continental Congress.

Having charge of the presentation of these tablets, I was enabled to renew pleasant associations with the Dutch universities and their professors. A slight comparison of these institutions with those in Germany and America, and a glimpse at the difference of the manner of study and life of the students may not be uninteresting at this time to the readers of the *Nation*.

In their beginning and evolution during the two centuries or more of the republic, the various Dutch universities had each an individual history with notable local differences, for each expressed the spirit of the region in which it was planted. It was the dream of the founders of the Republic, in 1581, to have a university in each of the seven provinces. With sixty-seven years of warfare before them, these hopes were nevertheless fulfilled in five of the States represented in the striped flag—Friesland, Groningen, Utrecht, and Gelderland, with one each in North and South Holland. Under the French dominion, the universities at Harderwijk and Franeker (in Friesland and Gelderland) were suppressed by Napoleon, because of their rather free utterances. It was for much weal and not a little woe, that under the French régime the variety of legal, political, and pedagogical procedure in the Netherlands was vastly simplified—or reduced to a dead level of uniformity. In the process the old local peculiarities of the universities disappeared. The constitutional monarchy, in 1814, did indeed fulfil the hopes of the Republic, but when the universities were reorganized, as part of the national administration, they had lost their peculiarities in large degree and became almost identical in their general features with those of Germany. In each there are the five faculties of theology, law, medicine, science, and letters, only the Polytechnic School at Delft having any courses different. The diversity of method and spirit discernible in Germany, and which is also at once the charm and the drawback of similar institutions in America, is absent in the Netherlands. In the main the description of one, making allowance for age, dignity, and numbers, suits all. Each university has a staff of curators, numbering four or five, appointed by the national government, and the nation's fundamental law forms the constitution under which the universities live. There is no president, but in turn each one of the professors, having reached a certain standing in service, scholarship, and character, becomes rector magnificus for one year.

Of the universities, Leyden stands first in age, honor, size of its faculty, and extent of equipment, and to this first national school all aspiring instructors hope to come. Yet the Dutch have never fallen into the error of supposing that brick and mortar, piled in imposing edifices, make either great teachers or hard students. Many of the professors at Leyden still teach their classes in their own homes. The administration building, with its ancient hallways artistically inscribed, is still that of the old Convent of the Veiled Nuns. Here sits the Senatus or governing body of the university, and here the examinations are held, though there are numerous museums, laboratories, etc., in other parts of the city.

At Utrecht, once so famous for its theology, beside the old hall in which the delegates met to form the Union of 1579, there is a new and handsome building in Dutch Renaissance style used for administration and recitation, containing the theological hall in which the Rutgers tablet was erected. Groningen, the great northern university, lost its main edifice by fire two years ago, but has replaced it by an extremely attractive piece of architecture, also in Dutch Renaissance style, which was dedicated in the presence of Prince Hendrik in July of this year, with the celebration of a *lustrum feest*. In Amsterdam, beside the older school, the Free University, with a small faculty and a meagre list of students, has received national recognition and support under the premiership of the Anti-Revolutionary Premier Kuyper, under whose administration, also, the school at Delft was raised to a national foundation with power to confer degrees. In this latter institution the faculties are those of general science, highways and hydraulics, architecture, shipbuilding and electrical engineering, mining and chemistry. The Royal Academy of Sculpture and Art at Amsterdam, which enjoys government patronage, ought not to be forgotten as a part of the national system of higher instruction.

A glance at the table of the five faculties of the four older universities shows the proportions and reflects the taste and needs of the present generation. There are 136 professors of law, 31 of science, 30 of medicine, and 31 of theology, though strictly speaking only the chairs of the history and philosophy of religion are fully endowed by the State. The drift from theology to law and science, as well as the large increase of students within the last few years, is noticeable, Leyden having about 1,500 students, Utrecht 1,300, Groningen 1,000, and Amsterdam 2,000. Yet with a student body of less than 6,000 for her five million and a half people, the Netherlands do not as yet seem to be in danger of creating an intellectual proletariat.

The Dutch universities, instead of being created at a particular time, as the popular legend concerning the origin of Leyden University might suggest, were direct outgrowths of previously existing schools. Education in the Netherlands is broadly based, and from mediæval times the elementary public schools, sustained by taxation, were open to girls as well as to boys. At the Reformation, these schools were secularized, but the first universities were mainly for the study of theology and the equipment of ministers. They are thus, what the Dutch call them, even with men like Hubrecht, de Vries, Blok, d'Aulnis of international reputation, high schools, and the professors are the higher teachers of the nation.

Dutch student life in its manifestations has some aspects notably different from that in the United States. There seems to be little of athletic interest and comparatively few of those innumerable outside employments or distractions on which American students expend their energies. Other features, which characterize German universities, such as duelling, large investment in dogs and fantastic costumes, except at the *lustrum feests*, are virtually unknown; beer-drinking is not on so large a scale, certainly not so habitual. While there are numbers who seem to take the university course chiefly for social ornament or advancement, the average Dutch student is a serious person, who knows, that in a small country like his, for every professional prize there will be many competitors ahead of him, and it behooves him, therefore, to train well while he has opportunity. In thoroughness, Dutch scholarship falls in no degree below that of Germany. There is little dissipation, and in the smaller university towns, the *café chantant* scarcely exists. Each student corps issues an almanac or year-book, in which, besides local and statistical information, is a large addition, called *mengel werk*, or miscellany of student essays, observations, and jottings of things witty and probably wise. The publications at Utrecht and Delft, at least in 1909, are, in their general make-up and illustrations, much like American publications of the same sort. Apart from these, college journalism is unknown. What concentrates the ambitions and enlists the enthusiasm of the undergraduate body more than anything else, is the costume-processions or *lustrum feests*, reproducing in brilliant colors famous events—the battle of St. Quentin, triumph of Germanicus over the Batavians, etc. These are usually celebrated once in five years in each place, so that every year sees one, and each university has an opportunity to equal or outshine its rivals and predecessor. That at Groningen this year was very fine. At Utrecht and Leyden, the élite of the kingdom, with royalty, are usually found as spectators, and, judging by the way the towns are decorated every year at the time of the commencement festivities, as well as from a knowledge of the local traditions, I gather that there has been, in recent times at least, little friction between town and gown. There being no dormitories, students are closely associated with family life.

It is one great advantage that the universities, being of the nation, are therefore of the people, and open to all. And yet, on the other hand, this very fact prevents the growth of that spirit which is so notably predominant among the alumni of American colleges and universities on private foundations. With us every young man feels bound to his alma mater by ties of gratitude. He is sensitive to his obligation to make returns for her love and care. Consequently, it is the rule rather than the exception for the American educated man, not only to feel indebted, but to give generously in after life of his means, to enlarge and perpetuate the institution that has nourished him. This spirit seems to be conspicuously absent in both British and Continental universities; the reason is plain, but European professors fret in vain over it, while they admire the spirit of Americans.

W. E. GRIFFIS.

Ithaca, N. Y., September 30.

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"THE WINTERFEAST" AND "THE VIKINGS AT HELGELAND."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Some time ago I called attention in your columns to the resemblance in situation between Mrs. Wharton's "Fruit of the Tree" and Ibsen's "Rosmersholm." A more striking instance of indebtedness to Ibsen, which so far as I know has not been pointed out, may be found in Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy's play, "The Winterfeast," which in situations and in setting is remarkably similar to Ibsen's "Vikings at Helgeland."

The action of "The Vikings" takes place about A. D. 933, on the island of Helgeland in the north of Norway. Sigurd, a great warrior, and Gunnar, a man of peace, are foster-brothers. Both are in love with Hiördis, a proud, passionate, ambitious woman, who returns Sigurd's love. Sigurd, in the generosity of his friendship, consents to a device by which Hiördis is induced to marry Gunnar. Sigurd himself marries Dany, the foster-sister of Hiördis. All this has happened years before the opening of the play. In the course of the action, Sigurd visits Gunnar at Helgeland. Hiördis, who has been unhappy with Gunnar because she has been unable to rouse him to warlike deeds, discovers the trick which has been played on her, confesses her love for Sigurd, and draws from him a similar confession. Sigurd challenges Gunnar to single combat; but before the fight Hiördis slays Sigurd with an arrow, and throws herself into the sea.

The action of "The Winterfeast" takes place in the eleventh century in Iceland. Bjorn, a great warrior, and Valbrand, a man of peace and a skald, are foster-brothers. Both are in love with Herdisa, a proud, passionate, ambitious woman, who returns Bjorn's love. Bjorn in the generosity of his friendship does not press his suit, though Herdisa confesses her love for him, but sails away to Vinland with Thorkel, Valbrand's father and his adopted father. Thorkel, returning alone, practises a deceit on Herdisa, through which she is induced to marry Valbrand. All this happens before the play begins. In the course of the action, Bjorn, returning from Vinland, visits Thorkel, Valbrand, and Herdisa. Herdisa discovers the trick that has been played on her, and draws from Bjorn a confession that he has always loved her. He ends by reproaching her bitterly, and by challenging Valbrand to single combat. Egged on by Herdisa, Valbrand fights with Bjorn, slays him, and in remorse throws himself into the sea. Herdisa dies of a broken heart.

The resemblance does not end here. Thorkel, the aged sea-king in "The Winterfeast," corresponds to Ornulf, the aged sea-king in "The Vikings." Each has a child of his own, a craven; each has adopted a child; the only difference being in the sex of the children. Ufeig, the villain of "The Winterfeast," corresponds less closely with Kare, the villain of "The Vikings"; but, like Ornulf, he loses at one blow his seven strong sons.

Other less important resemblances may be traced. Ornulf in "The Vikings" gains the hatred of Hiördis by telling her that she is Gunnar's mistress, not his wife; Bjorn in "The Winterfeast," rouses Herdisa's hatred by telling Valbrand, in her presence, that she is but his wanton. It may be worth while to add that certain things in "The Winterfeast" which have no counterparts in "The Vikings" have parallels in another of Ibsen's early plays—"Lady Inger of Ostrat." For example, the character of Swanhild, Herdisa's daughter, recalls that of Elina, daughter of Lady Inger.

Of course, there are plenty of differences: Mr. Kennedy has recombined Ibsen's characters and incidents in various ways. But he has not given them any new unity; he has not really made them his own. In every way his play is inferior to "The Vikings." Every character and every motive in "The Vikings" is as clear as day; in "The Winterfeast" the outlines of the characters are as vague and uncertain as are their motives and their states of mind. "The Vikings" is occasionally theatrical; "The Winterfeast" is often theatrical beyond the verge of falseness, and sometimes to the point of absurdity. Take, for instance, Herdisa's interview with Olaf, the son of Bjorn. She wishes some one to avenge her on Bjorn, who, as she supposes, has slain her husband. She has never before seen Olaf; but his resemblance to Bjorn is so striking that it could not escape her were she to see his face. If she learns his relationship to Bjorn, of course she cannot ask him to avenge her. For purposes of plot, then, Herdisa must induce Olaf to swear to avenge her, without disclosing her enemy's name, and without seeing Olaf's face. She therefore talks with him through six pages with her face averted, and the absurd motive which Mr. Kennedy assigns for this is, that she is afraid if she looks at him of finding some sign of cowardice in his face!

The fact seems to be that Mr. Kennedy has helped himself to a good situation and a good set of characters, and spoiled them. The loftiness and intensity of the characters in Ibsen's play give it something of the ethos of tragedy: Sigurd, like Othello, is a strong man, who, through an error, brings destruction on himself and those dearest to him. Beside him, Bjorn and Thorkel are men of straw; so Herdisa is merely a feeble copy of Hiördis. But the failure of the experiment is a minor matter; the resemblances are interesting chiefly as they show how strong is the hold of Ibsen on the imagination of a popular modern dramatist.

Homer E. Woodbridge.

Colorado Springs, October 5.

PERVERTED MEANINGS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. Haight, in his valuable remarks upon modern perversions of the meaning of words (the *Nation*, September 16), bears down a bit hard, I judge, upon Tennyson for writing that we rise upon *"stepping stones* of our dead selves." To Mr. Haight the only stepping stones are those by which we cross a stream. This interpretation is altogether too narrow. A "step" is any movement, whether horizontal or vertical. Do we not designate a stairway as a flight of "steps"? In English dialect a stepping stone is a horse-block. The author of "In Memoriam," painfully scrupulous in his diction, had doubtless good warrant for his use in this instance. Again, Mr. Haight has been informed by "certain etymologists" that 'stalwart' is a modification of O. E. *stælwyrdhe*, meaning 'worth stealing.'" Webster serves up this extraordinary etymology; who the other sinners may be, I know not. At any rate, it is all wrong. The *stal* stands for O. E. *stadhol*, "foundation," and the compound has always meant *stabilis*, "firm," and the like. Skeat and the Century treat the word correctly.

To Mr. Haight's list of perversions I should like to add one, namely, the flagrant misuse of "to demean oneself"="to degrade oneself." Of course, the fault is due to confounding "mean"="ignoble, base" with "mean"=French, *mener*, "to conduct oneself." One wonders how such folk-etymologists explain to themselves the cognate noun "demeanor." Yet, among others, even Thackeray and Hawthorne have fallen into the trap. See the Oxford Dictionary, which has the air of justifying, feebly, it is true, the usage. Thackeray was not a master-artist in words. But Hawthorne? Well, we can all afford to repeat the Litany daily.

J. M. Hart.

Ithaca, N. Y., October 2.

THE TITLE OF "TARTUFFE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In reply to a note by The Bibliophile in your issue of the 23d, I should like to call attention to the fact that the Despois-Mesnard edition of Molière's works uses the title "L'Imposteur, Comédie," alleging as a reason that all the older editions do so. And in a foot-note (Œuvres de Molière, Vol. IV, p. 399), "Au feuillet qui précède la pièce, toutes les éditions portent notre titre: Le Tartuffe ou l'Imposteur, sauf la contrefaçon de 1669 et les éditions hollandaises (1675 A, 84 A, 94 B), qui intervertissent l'ordre des mots et donnent: L'Imposteur ou Le Tartuffe." The title of "Tartuffe" was probably always in current usage, as it was the original one, the one used by Boileau (Satire iii, 25), Brossette, and other contemporaries. Molière himself employs it in preference to the other, saying in the second Placet au Roi: "En vain je l'ai produite sous le titre de l'Imposteur," and in the third again he calls the play "Le Tartuffe."

La Grange in his Register speaks of it as "Tartuffe" when he notes its suppression and his journey with La Thorillière to beg the favor of Louis XIV for the unfortunate play. When he records its final restoration, February 5, 1669, the first entry is as "Imposteur ou Tartuffe." Of the total of thirty-three entries at that time two more are under the title of "Imposteur ou Tartuffe," eight under that of "Imposteur," and the remaining twenty-two call the play "Tartuffe." At the resumption after the Easter holidays, the fifteen entries are all "Tartuffe," and later La Grange seems to give up the sub-title altogether.

Mary Vance Young.

Mount Holyoke College, October 6.

[These additional facts about the play are of interest, but do not determine the point as to which was the earliest *printed* title-page. This probably cannot be definitely settled until one or more copies in the original binding can be examined.—The Bibliophile.]

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A GLANCE AT THE SEASON'S BOOKS.

How shall we explain the fact that so many publishers are bringing out volumes of reminiscences and of biography—and that so many readers take delight in them? For, as one runs a finger down the list of autumn books, books just issued or on the publishers' ways, it is this department of letters which to us seems richest. Perhaps the lure of the "life" consists, as Anatole France has said, in the fact that *on ne doit rien à la mode—on ne cherche que la vérité humaine.*

Let us pass over one of these new biographies very hastily—and that no other than M. France's own "Life of Joan of Arc," translated by Winifred Stephens (Lane); this notwithstanding that M. France cannot write uninterestingly. We are sure that the same publisher's "Giovanni Boccaccio," by Edward Hutton, makes more edifying reading; so, too, the "Last Journals of Horace Walpole," and Mr. Broadley's "Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale"—these likewise from the Bodley Head. The eighteenth century is not forgotten, it should seem. And here is a two-volume account of "Mr. Pope," by George Paston, and "Dean Swift: an Eighteenth Century Don Quixote," by Sophie Shilleto Smith—both to be issued by Putnam. Forgotten?—the eighteenth will soon be our *grand siècle*, if these writers of memoirs are not choked off. It sparkles in the "Life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan," by Walter Sichel (Houghton Mifflin). It glitters in the "Marie Antoinette" of Hilaire Belloc (Doubleday, Page). Socially, the eighteenth *was* the *grand siècle.*

Of greater import than these memoirs are such "lives" as join novelty to *actualité.* There is sure to be much of interest in Henry M. Stanley's "Autobiography" (Houghton Mifflin), in William Winter's "Richard Mansfield" (Moffat Yard), in Loïe Fuller's "Fifteen Years of My Life" (Small, Maynard), in Eugénie Paul Jefferson's "Intimate Recollections of Joseph Jefferson" (Dodd, Mead), in Mrs. Lecky's account of her distinguished husband, statesman and historian (Longmans). It matters little whether the subject of a happily inspired "life" is actor or minister of state or African explorer: this department of literature is a famous leveller. We are interested in the subjects of these biographies *as people.* Jaded readers must ever find refreshment in vital representations of real life. It is precisely because we know that here, at least, the celebrities involved are actually projected upon the screen of the literary magic lantern that we so keenly anticipate the publication of John Bigelow's "Retrospections of an Active Life" (Baker & Taylor). Besides being an "historical document," Mr. Bigelow's "Retrospections" must express a pungent personality. Other American biographies to be published this autumn have a decided, if relatively slighter, importance; the remark applies perhaps to the "Home Letters of General Sherman," which now assume book-form (Scribner). One may signalize Mr. Parker's "Cleveland" (Century Co.), Mr. Sears's "Wendell Phillips" (Doubleday, Page), and, in the American Crisis Biographies (Philadelphia: Jacobs), Mr. Haynes's "Sumner," and the life of Henry Clay by a grandson of the pacificator, Thomas H. Clay. From Chicago there comes the three volume "Diary of James K. Polk," and a story of "Stephen A. Douglas: His Life, Public Services, Patriotism, and Speeches" (McClurg). Politics "have it" in this field; although there are to be issued for the first time Emerson's "Journals" (Houghton Mifflin). There are, too, plenty of "literary" lives for the insatiable reader of biography. Lepelletier's "Verlaine" makes its appearance in English (Duffield); W. Teignmouth writes of "Dickens and His Friends" (Cassell); Dr. Crothers of Oliver Wendell Holmes (Houghton Mifflin), and Mr. Chesterton of Bernard Shaw (Lane). The choice is catholic enough—and here we but half suggest it.

In the new historical books, there is the same variety. We are to have an account of "The German Element in the United States," by Albert Bernhardt Faust (Houghton Mifflin), and, from the same publishers, a study of "The Expansion of New England," by Lois K. Mathews. The addition to Scribner's series of American texts is, appropriately, Dr. J. F. Jameson's collection of "Narratives of New Netherland." The Putnams issue the ninth and final volume of "The Writings of James Madison," edited by Gaillard Hunt, and "The Biographical Story of the Constitution," by Edward G. Elliott. Edith Tunis Sale's "Manors of Virginia in Colonial Times" (Philadelphia: Lippincott) should have a pleasant flavor. In later American history, one finds an important study of "Virginia's Attitude toward Slavery and Secession," by Beverley B. Munford (Longmans); and James Ford Rhodes has collected a volume of "Historical Essays" (Macmillan). Dr. William Kirk's "A Modern City" (Providence, R. I.) is in the form of a symposium. An account of an American municipality from the standpoint of the economist, the sociologist, and the expert in government, as well as from several other standpoints, it should prove a valuable collection of *mémoires pour servir* (University of Chicago Press). The offering is less liberal in European history. "The Last Days of Papal Rome," by R. De Cesare, in its translation by Helen Zimmern (Houghton Mifflin), "The Birth of Modern Italy: Posthumous Papers of Jessie White Mario," edited by the Duke Visconti-Arese (Scribner)—"The Great French Revolution," by Prince Kropotkin and the final volume of M. Hanotaux's "Contemporary France" (the fourth), both issued through Putnam—"Historical Letters and Memoirs of Scottish Catholics, 1625-1793," by W. Forbes Leith, S. J. (Longmans)—the sixth volume ("The Eighteenth Century") of the Cambridge Modern History (Macmillan)—"A History of Germany, 1715-1815," by C. T. Atkinson (Philadelphia: Jacobs)—these are the most important contributions.

There is, however, bound to be more than quaintness to recommend "Big John Baldwin: Extracts From the Journal of an Officer of Cromwell's Army" (Holt). Wilson Vance is the editor. E. P. Dutton & Company are the publishers of the fourth and final volume of C. R. L. Fletcher's "Introductory History of England: From the Earliest Times to the Battle of Waterloo." We have, in reviewing these volumes, pointed to the strong interest of the narrative. Of a decided contemporary interest in these days is such a book as "The Armenian Awakening," by Leon Arpee: a record beginning with the "Dark Ages" of Armenian history, covering the period since the introduction of Christianity. The University of Chicago Press, the publisher of Mr. Arpee's book, issues a study of "The American Newspaper," by James Edward Rogers—but that is "another story." One *mentions it out of course, as it were,* by reason of the severity of its criticism. There are, too, the usual quantity of picture books and popular rephrasings of the old, old story—*ça va sans dire.* Where these are cleverly managed as is "Dutch New York," by Miss Esther Singleton (Dodd, Mead), we need not complain.

History of another kind is presented in Dr. Catharine Saunders's "Costume in Roman Comedy" (Columbia University Press). Prof. Harry Thurston Peck writes of this new monograph that it contains, in most convenient form, "a mass of evidence . . . nowhere else accessible." Other works of scholarship are represented in "The Study of Religion in the Italian Universities," by Louis Henry Jordan, in collaboration with Prof. Baldassare Labanca of the University of Rome (Henry Frowde). From the same publisher come also six substantial volumes dealing with "The Sikh Religion: Its Gurus, Sacred Writings and Authors," by Max Arthur Macauliffe. There should be much of novelty here, for the Sikhs are known to us rather as a great military people than for their religious thought. The author was formerly a member of the Indian judiciary. Henry Frowde issues, also, the third volume of Prof. J. E. Spingarn's collection of "Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century" (1685-1700). In beauty of page and of type, none of the Frowde publications stands higher than the new subscription edition of Homer's "Odyssey," printed in black and red on Kelmscott Press paper from the Greek types designed by Robert Proctor. The text is that of Dr. D. B. Munro, issued by the Oxford Press in 1901.

Travel books we have always with us, and this autumn's publications one may divide into two categories: those which tell of old-world treasures and new-world achievements, books like the "French Cathedrals," by the Pennells (Century), and the "New New York" of John C. van Dyke and Joseph Pennell (Macmillan), highly attractive, but dealing with familiar objects; and those which narrate explorations made and hardships overcome. Among travel books of the more conventional kind, none is more delightful in text and pictures than Mr. Ernest C. Peixotto's "Through the French Provinces" (Scribner). "The French provinces seem ever to unfold new riches," as the artist writes; and after all the half-tones and three-color processes, the soft effects attained in the illustrations here seem doubly beautiful. Yet other books than Mr. Peixotto's have undeniable attractiveness. "A Wanderer in Paris," by E. V. Lucas, is a case in point (Macmillan). Here is joined to many of the useful services of the guide, the charm which belongs to mellow style and regnant humor. "The Bretons at Home," by Frances M. Gostling, enables the reader who is an armchair "Wanderer in Paris" to enjoy a picturesque province scarcely less than the capital (Chicago: McClurg). From France

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it is an easy journey into Italy, where Mr. Edward Hutton ("Rome," Macmillan; "Unknown Tuscany," Dutton), and Rodolfo Lanciani ("Wanderings in the Roman Campagna," Houghton Mifflin), and other ciceroncs wait for us, offering wide margins, clear letter-press, and colored pictures. Spain, too, has its illustrated books, and its "Romantic Legends," translated from Becquer (Crowell); and so also Palestine, and even England—with Mr. Howell's "Seven English Cities" (Harper) heading the list—but one must draw the line somewhere. That is our excuse for saying not a word of Mr. Schauffler's "Romantic Germany" (Century), of George Wharton Edwards's "Holland of To-day" (Moffat, Yard) or of Francis Miltoun's "Castles and Chateaux of Old Burgundy" (Page).

And so we fare to those books which describe the "Forbidden Land"—or lands. There is still a flood of them. "Trans-Himalaya" is the title which Sven Hedin gives to his record of discoveries and adventures in Tibet (Macmillan); "The Great Wall of China" is William Edward Geil's inspiration (Sturgis & Walton). But not Tibet, not Japan—though the Lippincotts issue a book about pilgrimages to its art centres, "In Japan," and the author is M. Gaston Migeon, of the Louvre Museum—can stay our modern appetite for Polar literature. Lieut. Shackleton's narrative, "An Antarctic Voyage" (Philadelphia: Lippincott), looms impressive here—thanks, in part, to the beauty of the illustrations. An ex-President's African excursion is the only plausible *raison d'être* for so many books of sport and of exploration on the Dark Continent: we say for so many, not for any individual book. There are, at any rate, too many of them to name, and the only footnote to these notes of the travel books that can be wedged in here must relate to the reprinted "Travels of Four Years and a Half in the United States of America, 1798-1802," by John Davis (Holt), since that is a really noteworthy narrative account of our young America, at a time when travel here was almost as much of an undertaking as it is to-day in Africa itself.

We have not ordinarily thought of Philadelphia as a publishing centre for books on art, but several of the art books issued through the J. B. Lippincott Co. deserve longer comment than we can here suggest. The account of "Manet and the French Impressionists," coming from Théodore Duret, is one of these; so is "Dutch Art in the Nineteenth Century," by G. H. Marius. These works are both translations from the French; one may add the title, at least, of M. L. Solon's "Ceramic Literature: Compiled, Classified, and Described." Sir William Armstrong is the author of a new low-priced—though illustrated—"Art in Great Britain and Ireland," and one anticipates pleasurably the collection of a group of essays by the American painter Birge Harrison under the title "The Art of Landscape Painting." These are Scribner books; so, too, is the magnificent "French Châteaux and Gardens in the XVIth Century," a series of reproductions of contemporary (unpublished) drawings by Du Cerceau, described by W. H. Ward. A number of books on the ceramic and industrial arts are issued by the Putnams and by the Frederick A. Stokes Co.; while coats-of-arms and armor seem to be the great attraction of the Dodge Publishing Co. In another art field there is a study of "American Primitive Music," by the late F. R. Burton (Moffat, Yard); a new book by H. T. Finck, "Success in Music, and How it is Won" (Scribner), and "A Child's Guide to Music," by Daniel Gregory Mason (Baker & Taylor).

It is, of course, in a survey like this, quite impossible even to cite by title the reprints—however attractive the titles, as in the case of the new Mosher books. Even so, the additions to such a series as the Medieval Library (Duffield) shall have a word. These are "The Call of Self-Knowledge," seven early English mystical treatises, edited by Edmund G. Gardner, and "Ancient Christmas Carols, 1400-1700," collected by Edith Rickert. We observe the issue by several publishers of contemporary plays—a tendency that cannot be too highly encouraged. We are glad to see Mr. Zangwill's "Melting Pot" and Mr. Moody's "Great Divide" (Macmillan) put out, and Mr. Mosher's reprinting of plays by W. B. Yeats, to say nothing of similar sentiments induced by reading the announcement of Stephen Phillips's "Dido" (Lane) and Louis V. Ledout's "Yzdra" (Putnam).

Apparently there is to be less fiction read this winter than for the last two or three years. So at least the publishers seem to think. Our list must, however, be even more exclusive than the publishers'; we can only name the titles of Mr. Wells's new story (Mr. Wells is now firmly established as the celebrant of "the lower middle class"), "Ann Veronica" (Harper); of Mr. Hewlett's brace of tales, "The Ruinous Face" (Harper) and "Open Country" (Scribner); of Kipling's "Actions and Reactions" (Doubleday, Page), and Mr. DeMorgan's "It Never Can Happen Again" (Holt). Even so, the "headliners" are not all accounted for. What of Hall Caine's "The White Prophet" (Appleton) and Harold MacGrath's "Goose Girl" (Bobbs-Merill), and Robert Hichens's "Bella Donna" (Lippincott)? It is enough that the new novels will be read; one need not discuss them at too great length; particularly, as some of them are not yet issued. And if, this year, they have been published only by the ton, not, as sometimes, by the carload, that is the novel reader's gain.

Literature.

THE ERROR OF ROMANCE.

The Romantic Movement in English Poetry. By Arthur Symons. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

William Blake. By Basil de Selincourt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2 net.

It has been known for some time that Mr. Symons was preparing a comprehensive treatise on the English romantic poets, and his earlier, more confined treatises in this field led to the expectation of something rare and beautiful. We are obliged to say that the actual book, if judged only by a comparison with his own "Symbolist Movement in Literature" or his "Plays, Acting, and Music," is a failure. It is true that by a selective process you can find a good deal to praise in its pages. Here and there you are stopped by a metaphor that shows the author at once in the double capacity of poet and critic, as when he says of one of Blake's couplets: "It is no more than a nursery statement; there is not even an image in it; and yet it sings to the brain, it cuts into the very flesh of the mind, as if there was a great weight behind it. Is it that it is an arrow, and that it comes from so far, and with an impetus gathered from its speed out of the sky?" The power of Blake could hardly be better expressed. Again, there is a flash of wit that lets light into dark places, as when he styles Campbell "a sentimental egoist, the Sir Willoughby Patterne of poets," or as when he remarks, by the way, that "Browning offers us busy thinking about life for meditation." That last statement, from one who began his career with "An Introduction to the Study of Browning" and has remained a staunch Browningite, is as surprising as it is illuminating.

Still more penetrating in a way is his confrontation of three verses from Dante with Moore's paraphrase of them in the "Dream of Two Sisters":

> Giovane e bella in sogno mi parea,
> Donna vedere andar per una landa,
> Cogliendo fiori; e cantando dicea—

> Methought at that sweet hour
> A nymph came o'er the lea,
> Who, gath'ring many a flower,
> Thus said and sung to me.

Often, as one reads Moore's tripping lines, one is troubled by a sense that they are not poetry, yet cannot quite put one's finger on the defect. By such a juxtaposition as this with Dante, one can see the exact change in diction and rhythm and order by which a noble image is cheapened and made tawdry.

Nor would it be fair entirely to limit the merits of Mr. Symons's work to these scattered points. One or two of the longer sections are excellent critical essays, especially, in our judgment, the Wordsworth, where the reasoned romanticism of the poet, with its alternations of sinking prose and moral elevation, runs sufficiently counter to Mr. Symons's particular kind of romantic unreason to enable him, as it enabled Hazlitt long ago, to write at once with enthusiasm and discrimination.

Notwithstanding these many good points, the book, as a whole, leaves much to be desired. Though apparently exhaustive within its prescribed plan (Mr. Symons waives as unimportant all examination of sources and all comparison with foreign movements), including the names of such nonentities as Tannahill and Brydges, it omits poets essential to the subject, such as Gray,

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Collins, the Wartons, Macpherson, and Percy. In dealing with a poet like Beattie, it can overlook his one great stanza—

When the scared owl on pinions gray—

which gives him a high place among the forerunners of romanticism. Despite the elaboration of the work there are signs also of hasty composition, as when one of the paragraphs under Wordsworth is virtually repeated from the introduction. In a word, the writing, while pretending to be systematic, is really haphazard.

But the fault lies deeper than these many oversights, which might suggest that the book had not undergone Mr. Symons's final revision. Here and there a criticism or comparison shows some fundamental error in his judgment. Thus, one may admire greatly the music and the magic of "Kubla Khan," but to use that dream-song as a touchstone for the great human passages of "Don Juan" and to set Byron accordingly below Coleridge, is to ignore the higher, severer offices of poetry for its mere power of mystical evocation. We come closer to the source of error when we turn to the discussion of Blake. "It is true," says Mr. Symons, "that Blake was abnormal; but what was abnormal in him was his sanity." Again: "When Blake said, 'If the fool would persist in his folly, he would become wise,' he expressed a profound truth." Again: "To define the poetry of Blake, one must find new definitions for poetry; but, these definitions once found, he will seem to be the only poet who is a poet in essence." As a consequence and application of these views, one is not surprised at the closing paragraph of the essay, which means nothing, unless it means that Blake is a truer poet than Shakespeare.

We have placed Mr. de Selincourt's "William Blake" beside Mr. Symons's more general treatise, because it points clearly to the false assumptions which lead the romantic critic straight into these gross absurdities. Mr. de Selincourt's work belongs to the Masters of Art series, and a good many of its latter pages are occupied with a discussion of Blake's individual paintings and engravings. But the larger and better part of the volume deals with the principles which underlie his practice of art. On the whole, we regard these general chapters as the soundest criticism yet published of Blake, and as a desirable corrective to the indiscreet panegyrics of Swinburne, Symons, Yeats, Ellis, and the others who have, to a greater or less degree, lost their commonsense in vaporous enthusiasm. To begin with, Mr. de Selincourt is not afraid to sweep away almost the whole mass of the Prophetic Books as rubbish, and until one is bold enough thus to run the gantlet of the enthusiasts, one cannot begin to criticise. He is not afraid also to say flatly that Blake was mad, and that his systematic symbolism, with its hugger-muggery of names, was a sign of this madness. Having thus cleared the way for reason and commonsense, he is ready to bestow the highest praise on the few poems in which the lyrical genius of the poet is unimpeded.

But our concern is not so much with these details of Mr. de Selincourt's criticism as with his remarks on the poetic function of the imagination, which throw a clear light on this whole confusion in regard to Blake's position. We must quote at some length:

> We early derive from our impressions (says Mr. de Selincourt) the unanalyzed conception of experience as an ordered system, and therefore we have only to assume one fact as true to see that the truth of it will involve determined consequences on this side and on that. The power to follow out these consequences, to elaborate a real scheme of coördinate experiences following from or leading up to the fact which we take as our hypothesis, is essentially the imaginative power. It is familiar to us in its application to artistic work; but that is, in reality, only one of the many spheres in which it operates, and the whole fabric of our social life, the entire possibility of further social development, depend on it. . . .
>
> Imagination is in this sense the power which would seem to stand behind our everyday processes of observation, ready to reinforce them. And its reinforcement has the effect, not of withdrawing us from the common objects which our senses perceive, but of introducing us to a far deeper, far more intimate communion with them. To see completely this chair, house, village, mountain, sunrise, is only possible for him who can raise his sensuous impression of them to an imaginative power. And the object is, in effect, thus raised by an action of the mind which provides for it such a context as the mere sense impression has not of itself the means of summoning up. There are as it were images which the mind must draw from its resources and add to the sensuous image actually before it. . . . Imagination is, in fact, the key to all complete experience.

Mr. de Selincourt means that the depth of the imagination is measured by the amount of experience it can focus about a given perception or idea, and he proceeds to show that Blake theoretically—and, by a violence to his nature, practically—treated the artistic imagination as a faculty of escape from experience, and of pure creation within the mind *ex nihilo*. "Imagination," said Blake, "has nothing to do with memory"; and Mr. de Selincourt properly adds: "He was, of course, mistaken; it has much to do with it." This denial of experience, this denial of the imagination as the power of following experience in its logical development, it need scarcely be said, is fundamental to Blake's whole philosophy. Experience, education, law, restraint, discipline, order, logic—these are all, with Blake, merely different phases of the same original sin by which man fell from innocence and the imaginative life; his philosophy of art was in every respect the exact opposite of Goethe's "In der Beschränkung zeigt sich erst der Meister." Mr. de Selincourt does not follow out this thesis as minutely as might be desired, and in one point he falls himself, we think, into a common error. Blake he regards as a mystic, and attributes his failures to mysticism; "for the methods of art and mysticism are not philosophically reconcilable, and no violence of asseveration to the contrary can ever make them so." The error is in supposing that true mysticism is a denial of experience. A sounder study of the great organizing leaders of mysticism would show, on the contrary, that their philosophy was an attempt to expand, not to negate, experience, and that it often went hand in hand with a strong artistic impulse.

But this is by the way. Our main criticism of Mr. de Selincourt is that, having analyzed the imagination so ably and having shown how the grotesque failures of Blake are connected with his systematically false theory of its office, he stops half way and does not apply his analysis to the whole art of Blake. "The central word about Blake," he says, "can never be a word of depreciation. It can never cease to be true of him that he embodied and proclaimed at its purest the impulse of which all art is the issue. . . . He is great among the greatest, because, although the secret is often obscured and buried in his art, he yet knew how to keep himself, as a man, in living touch with it, so that to the end of his life, in spite of the prejudice and arrogance of his egotism, and in the very hour of death itself, *he was a child*." In other words, he stands among the greatest just by reason of that denial of experience which elsewhere Mr. de Selincourt represents as the fundamental cause of his failures. We are quite ready to admit that the central word about Blake can never be a word of depreciation, and if we were writing about Blake immediately, instead of his critics, we should ourselves adopt a different emphasis. We can feel to the quick the exquisite beauty of Blake's best lyrics; they are indeed songs of innocence; but that childlikeness, while the very essence of their peculiar beauty, is the cause also why no sane criticism can place them in the same class with the work of the great poets of experience. We touch here on the question eternally at issue between the classic and the romantic temperament, and in this respect Blake is a kind of touchstone for the sanity of the critic. Mr. Symons accepts the issue and says virtually that Blake is a greater poet than Shakespeare. The impressionism, the haphazard quality of his

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writing in this latest book, its lack of coherence and of experience, are in accord with such a critical dictum. Mr. de Selincourt is inconsistent, but by his very inconsistency evokes questions that go to the heart of romanticism.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Old Wives' Tale. By Arnold Bennett. New York: G. H. Doran Co.

Some years ago we noted in these columns an odd story called "Hugo," a whimsical fantasia upon a modern theme. Later we reviewed "The Statue," written by Mr. Bennett in collaboration with Eden Phillpotts. That book puzzled us much; we expressed wonder that Mr. Phillpotts should have had anything to do with such a story. "As soon expect a Hardy to collaborate with a Haggard," we cried, "or a James with a Conan Doyle." "The Statue" was, in fact, trash. It now appears that "The Statue" must have been as much an experiment for Mr. Bennett as for Mr. Phillpotts. "The Old Wives' Tale" evidently expresses his real self.

It is a work of singular sincerity and force. The title seems to be mildly deprecatory of the quality of the tale, which has no necessary beginning or end, no plot, no romantic substance, no spectacular accessories. Its characters have no very striking charm or significance, and there are in effect but three of them, the wife and daughters of a "general draper" in a small town of Staffordshire. Mr. Bennett is a "realist," as we used to say a few years ago, of the highest order. Reservation is as much a stranger to him as sentimentality. He is as leisurely and minute as De Morgan, but he is perfectly consecutive. He never steps out of the narrative to have his chat with the reader: he is too intent upon adding one bit of information to another. The chronicle begins in the age of horse-cars and crinoline, and ends in our own day of motor cars and mushroom hats. A little square in the town of Bursley affords the chief scene, with the shop of Baines the draper in the foreground. The daughters of this man of substance we first see as girls just emerging into womanhood. The elder, Constance—plump, placid, and simple-minded—is predestined to stay at home, to marry the industrious apprentice, and to conserve the traditions of the house of Baines. The younger is a girl of more mettle, beauty, and (from any other than the Baines point of view) promise. In a well regulated romantic novel she would proceed through a delightful series of drawing-room adventures to wedlock with a baronet. Not so the actual Sophia Baineses of life. This one runs away with a pretty drummer, spends a few years of disillusion with him, and is abandoned as an incumbrance. Most of her remaining days, of which there are many, she spends in exile, the mistress of a *pension* in Paris. Does this sound like a dingy story? It is not. With all its length, it would be hard to say where there is a repetition or a superfluity. The story-teller gets his effect by means of a steady accretion of meaning detail, displayed in the light of a humor which is both bland and searching. When he has ceased to speak, there remains nothing for us to learn about these people, body, mind, or soul. For the rest, it is enough to say that there is nothing about them which we are not grateful for knowing.

Mr. Justice Raffles. By E. W. Hornung. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The career of the best-known and best-liked of gentleman-burglars leads steadily upward. In this, the fourth volume devoted to the progress of A. J. Raffles, we catch him in an atmosphere of almost saccharine goodness. Here and there Mr. Hornung makes his hero drop into a bit of mild blasphemy. Now and then faithful Bunny gets snarled at in the old, wild way. But it is clear that Raffles has gotten out of hand, so far as his creator is concerned, and refuses to stay down with Satan. If Mr. Hornung shall ever find it necessary to write a fifth volume, it will be to relate how Raffles robbed the Bank of England to endow an orphan asylum and a free public bath. We are not far from that in the present history of how Raffles engaged in an epic struggle with Daniel Levy, the king of money-lenders, for the possession of the body, soul, and happiness of a young Apollo of a cricket player whom Raffles loved, and of Apollo's father and sweetheart. It is a novel, the first one, we believe, in the Raffles series, but a novel of fairly loose episode in which, after the true epic fashion, the hero and the usurer come in for alternating falls, until righteousness wins out in the end.

If the action drags slightly over occasional half-pages, there is full compensation towards the end in a slashing succession of half a dozen chapters that are positively breathless with midnight burglary, kidnapping, hand-to-hand fighting, and alarum and escape. When Mr. Hornung falls into full swing he gets perceptibly away from the pretty graces of style with which he enmeshes Raffles in his quieter moments. The high merits of the style we would not deny. It is a good deal of a feat to handle a dime-novel situation with something of the Meredithian touch. "And the consummate casuist went on working a congenial vein until a less miserable sinner might have been persuaded that he had done nothing really dishonorable," says Mr. Hornung of Raffles; and A. J. himself says: "There's only one crib that we could crack in decency for this money; and our Mr. Shylock's is not the sort of city that Cæsar himself would have taken *ex itinere*. It's a case for the *testudo* and all the rest of it."

Happy Hawkins. By Robert Alexander Wason. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

The publishers' advertisement does what it can to prejudice the reader against this book by calling it "a gripping story of the West." One opens it therefore, expecting the usual ranch and cowboy novel. Abundant, in truth, are ranch and cowboy, guns, gambling-dens—but they all stand for something better and larger than "effects." Happy Hawkins tells his own story in undiluted Western language. His story is so good and he tells it with such a fine capacity for knowing how to do it, that every page does, indeed, hold the interest in a grip that is at first surprise, then admiration, and at last positive affection. The most dialect-weary reader must own that here the dialect is an indispensable charm; and those who stop the ears when American humor is mentioned need have no fear—for here is the thing in its best estate. Melodrama there is, but far more of daily human nature. In an occasional flaming color there is revealed less of theatrical than of the eternal boyish. The question is: Has any novel of the West as good as this been written since "The Virginian"?

The Golden Season. By Myra Kelly. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The intention here seems to be the genial satirizing of conditions in a normal co-educational college in New York city, and the Boswellized Johnson is a certain Elizabeth. In effect, the satire is caricature, and the geniality is of a hard kind nurtured by fibs and by joy in the confounding of others—the fibs and the joy of Elizabeth. Upon a chapter like that of the mothers learning to play kindergarten games, caricature sits easily and extracts a smile without any great pain. But the humorousness of lying is no greater in college affairs than in financial ones. A whole volume of commercial trickery is gloomy, and so is this one as a whole, amusing in sundry spots though it be.

The Master Builders. By James Edmund Dunning. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The hero of the story is a ship, and hails from Maine, beginning life as a cruiser. When there arise domestic strikes and diplomatic intrigues with a foreign Power, the ship becomes a "mystery ship," and is revealed as "a new type of battleship on lines intended to conceal her character"—"a battleship or two" in disguise. That, in spite of stratagems and treasons, it ploughs its

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way to victory was only to have been expected.

The sub-heroes of the action are the rough, masterful man who designed the ship, and the half-brother who idly looked on until the woman, his wife, goaded him to energy and to prodigal-son-like heroism. The wife herself is the most puissant agent of the three. A blonde female spy gleams balefully, but not fatally, from the footlights; a capitalist works his wily way through treason to defeat; Maine natives lend a jocose and fervent hand to the plot. Any one thirsting for machinery and machination may here gulp freely.

RAILWAYS AND BUSINESS.

Railroad Freight Rates in Relation to the Industry and Commerce of the United States. By Logan G. McPherson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.25 net.

Notwithstanding the amount of discussion that has centred in the railway question during the last decade, we know surprisingly little in a concrete, definite way of the traffic service. An admirable statistical picture of our railway system has, within certain limits, been developed by the statistician of the Interstate Commerce Commission, but on the traffic side, he has not yet succeeded in getting anything more than aggregates and averages. No comprehensive commodity statistics have been gathered. One's knowledge of what our railway system is actually doing in the handling of specific kinds of traffic must be gleaned from an occasional article by an expert, from a report of a railway board of directors to its stockholders, or from a perusal of decisions of the commission or the courts in railway traffic cases. Mr. McPherson has, by a first hand investigation of traffic throughout the United States, been able to present a clear picture of the relation of rates to traffic, and the bases, method of construction, and present character of our complicated and delicate rate structures. While his study is condensed, and in some respects incomplete, as must necessarily be the case in a book of reasonable proportions, he has added much to our knowledge of the subject by simplifying for the layman, with great success, a very complex system of rate adjustments. His vigorous style has added to the attractiveness of his treatment.

That he sets out, however, with the mission of teaching the American people the beneficence of present-day railway management seems tolerably clear after the first few chapters. This beneficent service is most clearly seen in the relatively small part which the railway rate plays in the price of the product, and once this is understood by the consumer, all discontent should speedily disappear. Why, for example, should the St. Louis housewife have any complaint, if, when she buys a dozen clothespins, she has paid the railway five ten-thousandths of a cent? As a matter of fact, complaint against high rates is not common, but if it were, this method of answering would hardly be conclusive.

To his surprise, the author finds that shippers of the leading commercial cities and sections are, almost without exception, living in a state of happy contentment. In the few instances, where complaints are still made, they ought to cease either because the railway rate plays so small a part in price, or else because a change in the rate would disturb the delicately and laboriously adjusted rate structure. Quite naturally, the greatest number of complaints is found in the new West, not as the author asserts, because "activity in general is still at the boiling stage," but because the railways have failed to apply to the making of rates in these sections the same principles of equity that are present, for example, in the rates in trunk line territory, where they closely approach the distance basis. He repeats the common statement that coastwise vessels on the Atlantic keep down the rail rates to Southern points. As a matter of fact, there is much evidence leading to the conclusion that agreements exist between rail and water carriers which have kept up these coastwise rates. The most interesting tendency in the present traffic situation is that which is leading toward a greater decentralization of distribution—an increase in the number of interior distributing centres—a tendency which is sure to make for a more uniform and equitable industrial development.

From the existing state of traffic, the author turns to a consideration of rate problems and rate control. Into the history of these questions as they discuss fast-freight lines, pooling, differentials, the basing-point, and the like, we need not follow him, for he is travelling a familiar road; but some points in his treatment of the Interstate Commerce Commission are worthy of consideration. The weaknesses of the commission under the old law and its rough handling by the courts, he exploits in the manner grown familiar from the discussion of the last few years. He asserts that the commission did nothing in fifteen years to stop rebates, and that it was left for Mr. Cassatt to devise his "community of interest" plan, and for the railways to secure the passage of the Elkins Act, before rebating could be done away with. While not overlooking the point altogether, he fails to make clear the difficulties involved under the old law in handling the rebate evil, particularly the decision of the court that departure from a published rate was not illegal, unless it could be shown that some shipper had paid the published rate. The abolition of discriminations and rebates, which he considers an accomplished fact, has had a most beneficial effect in stimulating shippers to a greater watchfulness of their interests, and this finds its response in more prompt and satisfactory service on the part of the railways.

An examination of the docket of the commission since the passage of the amended act leads to the conclusion that the complaints are relatively of small number and of minor significance. It is plain, therefore, says the author, that serious complaints against the railways do not exist, otherwise they would have come to light in these sixteen months since the commission received its enlarged powers—a somewhat hasty conclusion.

With the accounting features of the Hepburn act, he shows little familiarity. An "approximately complete" accounting system was not adopted by the commission on July 1, 1907, but at the present time, two years later, is just nearing completion. That portion of the accounting section which forbids railways to keep any memoranda whatever without the approval of the commission is not working, nor is it likely to work, to the injury of the roads. The commission is not alone interested in revenue and disbursement accounting, but is alive to the importance of statistics as an aid to good administration. This is clear to any one who gives the commission's statistical reports even a cursory examination. The only object which the statute had in mind was to give the commission cognizance in the interest of adequate control of all records kept by the railways, and in this sense has the commission interpreted its powers.

The value of the commission, in Mr. McPherson's view, lies mainly in its ability to disabuse a complainant of the idea that he has a real grievance, and to help out a railway when a decision either way would result in making it unpopular. Further than this, its worth apparently consists in the fact that by reason of its mere existence, a diminution of injustice on the part of railways is likely to result. The author, after a chapter on the achievements of the railways, asks, in conclusion, for a period of calm following the legislative revolution, during which railways and shippers may have the opportunity to adjust themselves to the new conditions—a request which no one will refuse if it involves no backward step.

Our Naval War with France. By Gardner W. Allen. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

The lack of a careful study of the causes and incidents of this period has long been felt by those interested in our naval history. They will consequently extend to Dr. Allen's little volume

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the welcome merited by so excellent a work, with a confidence inspired by his previous account of "Our Navy and the Barbary Corsairs." The hostilities with France, so soon after the alliance which afforded Washington the local superiority afloat he rightly held to be indispensable to the success of our struggle for independence, have been dwarfed by the more vital and dramatic occurrences preceding and following them. Thus their influence on the growth of our navy and the development of our foreign relations has been too often overlooked.

The navy of the Revolution had wholly disappeared; its ships were disposed of; its officers and men discharged. Strictly speaking, the new navy, the navy of to-day, had its birth in the necessity of protecting our commerce against the depredations of the Algerine pirates; but, to the mercantile community, a naval force seemed no less requisite on account of the arbitrary seizure of its shipping by the belligerents in the wars attendant on the creation of the French Republic. While the original bill authorizing the construction of six frigates of forty-four guns each and two of thirty-six guns each, dated March 27, 1794, stipulated that work upon them should cease in case of peace being concluded with Algiers (a condition fulfilled the next year), a supplementary Act of April 20, 1796, permitted the completion of three of these vessels. The activity of French cruisers and privateers is thus directly responsible for the inception of our present naval establishment.

Apparently, the neutral in those days had no rights which the belligerents were bound to respect. He was indeed a lamb among wolves. What the American merchant and mariner had to undergo is thus officially reported in February, 1797, by Timothy Pickering, our Secretary of State:

(1) Spoliations and maltreatment of their vessels at sea by French ships of war and privateers; (2) a distressing and long-continued embargo laid upon their vessels at Bordeaux in the years 1793 and 1794; (3) the non-payment of bills and other evidences of debt, drawn by the colonial administrations in the West Indies; (4) the seizure or forced sales of the cargoes of their vessels and the appropriating of them to public use without paying for them, or paying inadequately, or delaying payment for a great length of time; (5) the non-performance of contracts made by the agents of the government for supplies; (6) the condemnation of their vessels and cargoes under such of the marine ordinances of France as are incompatible with the treaties subsisting between the two countries; and (7) the captures sanctioned by a decree of the National Convention of the 9th of May, 1793, . . . in violation of the treaty of amity and commerce.

The decree of March 2, 1797, provided, for example, that an enemy's goods in a neutral ship should be seized, but the ship herself released; that Americans serving in an enemy's ship should be treated as pirates, and that an American ship, not having its "crew-list" on the approved French form, should be lawful prize. This was surely a pleasing prospect to an American sailor impressed into the British navy! Other decrees issued by local agents of the French government in the West Indies declared American ships lawful prize if bound either to or from British ports. Such measures naturally brought upon our unprotected commerce all the horrors of a mercenary warfare. We are not surprised to learn that the captain of the Cincinnatus was tortured with thumb-screws to induce him to declare his cargo British, nor that, upon his refusal, he was robbed of much of his private property and his store of provisions. Such cases of spoliation were to be counted by the hundreds. An imperfect list in Volume VI of American State Papers gives four hundred and forty-four instances. While the actual loss was great, the humiliation was intolerable. The worm turned at last.

In the spring of 1797, Congress provided additional armament for the protection of American trade; authorized the capture of French armed vessels; suspended intercourse with France, and on July 7 abrogated our treaties with that country. War was never declared, but during the next three years French armed vessels were engaged, American vessels recaptured, French vessels and property taken, and reprisals of all descriptions effected.

At the re-birth of the American navy we were fortunate in possessing in Joshua Humphreys of Philadelphia an able and far-sighted ship designer, whose influence is felt even to-day. To him is due the policy of building craft distinctly more powerful than those of the same class with which they might possibly have to contend. His views were accepted by the Secretary of War, Gen. Knox, then responsible for naval affairs, since it was not until April, 1798, that a separate Navy Department was formed, and placed in the charge of the capable, broad-minded first Secretary of the Navy, Benjamin Stoddert. Had Stoddert's wise and statesman-like recommendations for acquiring a respectable navy been adopted by Congress, the humiliation and bloodshed of the next score of years would doubtless have been largely avoided.

Dr. Allen adds little to our existing general knowledge of the misunderstandings and irritations arising out of our treaty obligations to France, but the details are given more fully and the operations of private armed vessels (quite ignored in the average naval history) are here accorded their proper place and importance. The principal theatre of this quasi war was the West Indies, although spoliations and reprisals occurred in every part of the navigable oceans, from the Straits of Sunda to the British Channel.

It was in Caribbean waters that the new navy won its earliest laurels, when the lucky Truxtun in the frigate Constellation captured the Insurgente and successfully engaged the Vengeance, of greater force, which he would also have brought into port had his spars not been so crippled in the action that his quarry escaped. The brunt of this warfare in the West Indies fell upon French armed merchantmen, which were almost indistinguishable in their acts from pirates, and which, as a rule, abundantly deserved the fate that befell them. Indeed, in this part of the world, and for a long time afterwards, our navy was kept busy in suppressing the buccaneers who preyed on shipping under all flags indifferently. The dependence of our merchant marine upon the navy is shown in Dr. Allen's statement that, during this period, our exports were above two hundred millions, the revenue from our imports above twenty-two millions, and the navy's cost less than three millions of dollars. Unquestionably, a large proportion of this profitable trade would have been lost by spoliation had it not been for naval protection.

Dr. Allen's account of this curious chapter in our history is brief and to the point. It abounds in references to authority; it contains a full bibliography and a careful index; its frequent quotations from the newspapers of that day give it a lively air of actuality; it is well written and well printed. Having erased "The Hostilities with France" from his list of unfinished topics in our naval history, we may indulge the hope that our part in suppressing piracy and the African slave trade will next engage the attention of this painstaking and accurate author.

American Exploration Society: Gournia, Vasiliki and other prehistoric sites on the Isthmus of Hierapetra, Crete. Excavations of the Wells-Houston-Cramp Expeditions, 1901, 1903, 1904. By Harriet Boyd Hawes, Blanche E. Williams, Richard B. Seager, and Edith H. Hall. Large folio. Preface; 60 pp. text, with 44 illustrations; two plans of Gournia, and xii monochrome, and xi color plates. Published by the American Exploration Society, Free Museum of Science and Art, Philadelphia.

This sumptuous volume is a monument of self-denying, scholarly work, and should be included in all reference libraries. The introductory chapters will be especially welcome to the general reader as a résumé of some of the perplexing questions relating to prehistoric Crete and the mainland. In the

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"Outline of Minoan Civilization" reasons are urged for the use of the complicated, doubly tripartite "Minoan" subdivisions. Mrs. Hawes gives conjectural dates slightly different from those of A. J. Evans, placing the second period of "Early Minoan" at ca. 2500 instead of 3000 B. C.; the third period of "Middle Minoan" as closing with ca. 1700, instead of 1800 B. C.; and the three periods of "Late Minoan" as 1700-1500, 1500-1450, and 1450-1200 B. C., respectively, whereas Mr. Evans extends this period to 1100 B. C. Mrs. Hawes treats as "sub-" or "post-Minoan" the period from 1250-1100 B. C. including the transitional, or Homeric Age. The excavations at Gournia point to the date ca. 1700-1500 B. C. or "Late Minoan, first period." Minoan civilization reached its second and greatest climax at about this date (namely 1700-1450). The full splendor of the bronze age is to be associated with a King Minos at this time when the influence, emanating from Knossos, was paramount in the Ægean and along the Greek littoral.

Under the second heading, "Minoans and Mycenæans," the "Mycenæan" civilization is briefly discussed. The steps leading up to "Mycenæan" civilization, the author asserts, have never been discovered in "Mycenæan" countries. The famous Vaphio cups, for example, are probably to be assigned to Cretan influence of this second climacteric of Minoan art. But Mycenæan architecture, as the writer admits, is not so obviously derived from Crete. The "Pelasgians" of the mainland, kindred to the native stock of Crete, were great builders and developed the beehive tombs first on the mainland. Successive bands of Achæans from the north gradually fused with the Pelasgians and introduced their "Aryan" (i. e., Indo-European) institutions, energy, and their all-conquering Greek language. The mainland palaces bear the stamp of greater simplicity than the more "oriental" Cretan, and "possibly of a stronger instinct for proporton, order, and symmetry—an instinct which may be an Achæan contribution." But "Mycenæan" art had its source in Crete, some of it imported by Phœnicians, some of it made on the spot in Greece after Cretan models. A hieroglyphic system of letters, evolved from pictograms, was developed, before the close (1700 B. C.) of the "Middle Minoan" age, into a linear script. The practical Phœnicians, appropriating a short series of signs from Oriental, Egyptian, and Cretan sources for use in their trade, became known as the "inventors of the alphabet" for the Western world.

The next section, "Homeric Problems in the Light of Cretan Discoveries," contains interesting re-statements of some of the old problems, and is more likely to elicit controversy. The conclusion drawn by Mrs. Hawes is that the "Homeric poems are a literary composite of the two (Pelasgic and Achæan) races, as the Homeric Age is a composite of their cultures." By the time of the Trojan wars the whole population of Greece was Achæanized, although in some districts, such as Attica and Arcadia, less thoroughly than in others. Incidentally this falls in with the ancient claim to autochthony of the dwellers in Attica. The author suggests that the martial lays, the nucleus of the Homeric poems, may have been a possession of the Achæans before they mingled with the native stock in Greece, while the "coastal records" (περίπλοι, *not* proparoxytone), furnishing material for the "Return of Odysseus," belonged to the older races of the Ægean long before the earliest known Phœnician period.

The text accompanying the beautiful and carefully drawn plates elucidates for the benefit of specialists the numerous objects and pottery discovered at the sites excavated. Those from Vasiliki belong to a much earlier period than those from Gournia, being assigned to "Early Minoan, second period," about 2500 B. C., or contemporary with Dr. Dörpfeld's second or burnt prehistoric city at Hissarlik.

Ireland under English Rule; or, a Plea for the Plaintiff. By Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., LL.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.

Although announced as a second edition, these two volumes really form an almost entirely new work. The second volume, especially, which brings the historical narrative down to the present time, covering the period during which the Irish people have been strictly under English rule, is wholly based upon fresh material. Dr. Emmet has written an eloquent and scholarly plea in favor of Ireland. He never allows his indignation to get the better of his critical judgment, and his indictment is drawn with an evidently sincere effort at fairness and impartiality. He is not tender to the failings of the Irish, and admits candidly enough that some of their racial defects are largely responsible for their misfortunes. But he also insists that, even down to the present day, Ireland has been badly known and badly judged.

He refutes an opinion generally accepted until quite recently that the Irish before the Elizabethan conquest were an indolent people, governed by barbarous laws, and hopelessly superstitious. We are beginning to learn that, from the twelfth to the sixteenth century, Ireland was a country enriched by commerce, which kept up active economic relations with the Continent, produced literary men, scholars, and artists, and made for itself a place in the history of civilization. The ordinary principles of political economy will not enable us to understand its fall after the Tudor conquest. The brutalities, errors, lack of tact in even well-meaning Britons, sufficiently account for the misery of the distressful island during the last three centuries. The palliative measures of the last half of the nineteenth century always came too late, were granted grudgingly, and, admittedly, as concessions to threats and violence. An English statesman has said that Ireland should forget, and England remember. But oppressed nations have long memories, and the hostility generated by ages of cruel tyranny cannot be appeased in a day. It is to be hoped, however, that the transfer of the land to the people and the other remedial acts passed during the last couple of years will in time mitigate the bitterness of the antagonism between the two nations. After all, the Irish do not hate the English as ferociously as the English and Scotch hated each other during the eighteenth century, and some time in the near future we may find the two peoples living harmoniously together and working out their common salvation in a great federal union.

Of decided interest, especially at the present moment, is a casual allusion to Robert Fulton in the Diary of Thomas Addis Emmet, the grandfather of the author, printed at the end of the second volume. Emmet resided in Paris, from May, 1803, to March, 1804, as the agent of the Irish revolutionists, vainly trying to persuade Napoleon to send an expedition to Ireland. One of the entries is the following:

> Saw Robert Fulton, who promised if the affair should become so serious as to leave him room to work, he would go over and commence his plan of operations with his torpedoes.

The work contains an exhaustive index, and these two substantial and instructive volumes can be recommended as a reference-book to those interested in present-day Irish events.

Post-Augustan Poetry from Seneca to Juvenal. By H. E. Butler. New York: Henry Frowde.

The title of Mr. Butler's book arouses great expectations. The lamented death of Sellar cut short that scholar's plan of treating the Latin poets in a series of essays; the last was on Ovid, and that only partly done. Mr. Mackail wrote the book on Latin literature that had been intended by his master Sellar; brief as it is, it forms with Sellar's works the best introduction to Latin verse and prose that exists in English. We wish that Mr. Mackail had continued Sellar's larger undertaking as well. Information sufficient is given in manuals like Cruttwell's, but the style

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of this writer is unpleasantly diffuse. Simcox is always good reading, but is so copious in epigram that dull subjects under his treatment have the value of great ones; we query whether we are getting the Latin poets, or all the clever things that Simcox can say about them. Nisard's immature work, "Etudes sur les poètes latins de la décadence," which even after the alterations of his second edition he considered youthful, is excellent reading, and has not unnaturally served as the basis for various later estimates; but as Nisard admitted, its judgments are unduly severe. In fine, we are ready for a new treatment of the Post-Augustans in the manner of Sellar.

Mr. Butler's book follows Sellar's chronologically, except that he omits Manilius and Phædrus. He has worked at his task conscientiously. He almost says that he read through the seventeen books of Silius Italicus, and he even devotes a section to "Lost Minor Poets." He gives clear and readable accounts of the poets' lives. For much of his information he draws inevitably on "those great works of reference, Schanz and Teuffel," and with a few exceptions only—notably in his account of the "Panegyricus" on Calpurnius Piso—he is abreast of recent studies. He has also the laudable intent of remedying the neglect and malediction which certain of the later poets have met; he means "to detach and illustrate their excellencies without in any way passing over their defects." This is a proper starting-point for criticism, and Mr. Butler shows good taste in discriminating evil and good. The illustrative examples are well selected; not a few of them have never appeared before in treatises on Latin poetry. As the text is accompanied by translation, they will give the English reader who knows Mackail further insight into most of the poets discussed. Finally, Mr. Butler has the benefit of Mr. Gilbert Murray's criticism; the latter read through the book in manuscript.

But somehow Mr. Butler's work lacks the flavor of the essay—the all-essential quality in an undertaking of this scope. The different parts of his sketches are not well fused; they remain subdivisions, as they rarely are in Simcox and Nisard. He gives us no literary criticism in the large. Isolated observations occur that strike the reader's attention, such as the remark that stoicism "prescribed the brotherhood of man and took away half the value of sympathy." But there is no enlightening discussion of the larger literary problems; he does not grasp the significance of Calpurnius's pastoral, or detect the most significant difference between the satire of Juvenal and of Horace, or throw light on a matter that cries for interpretation—the plot of Lucan's epic. The chapter on Valerius Flaccus is one of the best in the book, perhaps because the subject lends itself to Mr. Butler's methods; but on the authors who deserve the most—Juvenal, Martial, Lucan—he is least satisfactory. Nor has he the gift of the phrase; "straining for effect," "slavish imitation," "meretricious display"—these catchwords have become as tiresome as the faults to which they are applied.

In justification of the unfavorable part of our criticism, we may add a quotation, which suffers from ill-digested metaphor, and from a failing still more serious:

> He [Valerius Flaccus] is obscure, he is full of echoes, he staggers beneath a burden of useless learning, he overcrowds his canvas and strives in vain to put the breath of life into bones long dry; in addition, his epic suffers from the lack of the reviser's hand. And yet, in spite of all, his characters are sometimes more than lay-figures, and his scenes more than stage-painting. He has the divine fire, and it does not always burn dim. Others have greater cunning of hand, greater force of intellect, and have won a higher place in the hierarchy of poets. He—though like them, he lacks the "fine madness that truly should possess a poet's brain"—yet gives much that they cannot give, and sees much that they cannot see.

This is mock discrimination, suggesting the false antithesis of the rhetorics. What is the mysterious something that Valerius, but not his superiors, can give? And how differs the "divine fire," which he has, from the "fine madness," which he has not?

Not all of the book is as bad as this; pages of interesting description and helpful comment might be cited. But it contains nothing new for the scholar, and will not, we fear, gain the wide popularity deservedly won by Sellar and Mackail.

Biblical Criticism and Modern Thought: or, The Place of the Old Testament Documents in the Life of To-day. By W. G. Jordan, Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis in Queen's University, Kingston, Canada. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

Professor Jordan in this book emphasizes the fact that criticism was never a mere conceit of perverse and unbelieving minds, but was made necessary to lovers of the Book by the advance of knowledge which furnished both materials for work and problems for solution. Criticism has not made an attack upon religion, but rather upon the dogmatic views which limited the religious life as it sought to expand under the vital impulses of the nineteenth century. Religion, the author believes, is deeper than formal creed or church machinery, and the Bible which literary and historical criticism has found and seeks to interpret, is vastly more capable of ministering to man's religious needs than was the Bible of proof-texts and verbal inspiration.

Professor Jordan justly resents the attempt to bring literary criticism into disrepute by over-emphasizing divergences in the results of archæological discovery. There is no considerable opposition in the results obtained in these different fields, and it is noticeable that those who attempt to set up such an opposition are unskilled in the use of their materials. Professors Sayce and Hommel receive some well-deserved censure for their too-ready compliance with popular orthodox demand, and the author has not scorn enough to pour out upon that dabbler in all things critical and archæological, Professor Orr, whose "Problem of the Old Testament" would have confused all Biblical problems tenfold, had students of the Bible taken him seriously. Just as timely and earnest also is the protest our author makes against relegating Hebrew history to a subordinate division of Assyriology. New light bearing on the literary and political development of the Hebrews has come in great abundance from the Tigris-Euphrates valley, but, after all, the Hebrew people have made a specific and peculiar contribution to the life of the world, which can only be understood and interpreted from their own literary documents. Whatever materials they received from older civilizations—and the debt is great—they stamped with their individual genius. Perhaps the best chapters in the book are those devoted to "Struggles and Survivals" and "Historical Development." Here the author finds more freedom in discussion and makes a fine apologetic for the evolutionary view of religion.

The least satisfactory part of the book is that dealing with "The Message of the Prophets," partly, to be sure, because here we expect the most. The chapter lacks the glow and fire which must characterize any effectual presentation of the work of these great men. Yet as an aid to a better understanding of critical methods and results, this book has genuine value, and it will doubtless prove an incentive to more thorough preparation in Biblical studies on the part of preachers, to whom it is mainly addressed. Perhaps it was, in the present state of thought on the subject, quite to be expected that there should be repetition and a good deal of special pleading.

Rasplata (The Reckoning). By Commander Wladimir Semenoff. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

The latest contribution to the history of the Russo-Japanese war is by an officer in the Russian navy whose personal experiences are now set before us in an excellent translation. It is unfortunate that among the very first books on the

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recent war laid before the English-speaking public, at least two should have been imaginative compilations pretending to a first-hand knowledge of their subject. As a result, suspicion attaches to every subsequent account of the war in the Far East claiming to emanate from a Russian eye-witness. We are not quite sure that the diary upon which Commander Semenoff bases his picturesque story of the Port Arthur fleet and the voyage of Admiral Rozhestvensky ever existed. We are not even sure that there is such a person as Commander Semenoff of the Russian navy. Internal evidence points both ways. The high literary excellence of the book argues a hand more trained to the pen than to the sword. The very precision of detail suggests an observer making his notes in the calm of a well-stocked library rather than on the unquiet fighting-deck. On the other hand, it is hard to conceive a mere compiler's catching the vivid touch of reality, the color, and the swing that mark the present narrative.

Whatever may be the case, we have in the bulky volume before us an exceptionally readable account of Russia's naval campaigns, written from the anti-governmental standpoint, with much grasp and authority and without excessive prejudice. The main facts are not new. It is the oft-repeated story of official lethargy, incompetence, and timidity which brought ruin on Russia's Port Arthur squadron, and then sent out the Baltic fleet to meet a similar and even surer end. In the diary of Eugene Politovsky, chief engineer on Rozhestvensky's flagship, we have already had a vivid account of the ill-fated voyage from Libau to Tsu-shima (see the *Nation* for May 2, 1907, p. 415). Commander Semenoff fills in the earlier story with much interesting detail, but adds little that the general reader would consider essential. His treatment of the naval campaign about Port Arthur covers fresher ground. The diary method is exceedingly effective here, without the appearance of any straining for effect. Minutiæ of naval technique are skilfully blended with much real fighting, a great amount of psychological data, and a good bit of denunciation.

The one figure that stands out in pleasant relief is that of Admiral Makaroff. What would have happened if Makaroff had not perished a few short weeks after he assumed command of the Port Arthur fleet, constitutes the one great "if" in which many Russians, our author among them, find some measure of consolation. Japanese luck from the very beginning of the war only meant Russian stupidity and neglectfulness. Had Makaroff lived, it is Commander Semenoff's profound conviction that luck would have speedily begun to distribute her favors more equally between the combatants.

Notes.

"The Motor Routes of England" is the subject of a new book by Gordon Horne, published with maps, plans, and illustrations, by the Macmillan Co.

"The Earthly Footprints of Jesus," sermons on sacred sites and scenes, by the Rev. H. D. S. Sweetapple, is promised for publication by Thomas Whittaker.

"Going Down from Jerusalem" is the title under which Norman Duncan's account of travels in the Holy Land is to appear, with the imprint of Harper & Bros.

On October 16 Houghton Mifflin Co. publishes a novel whose scene is twelfth century troubadour-land: "The Severed Mantle," by William Lindsey.

On March 11 of this year, we reviewed "The Gilds and Companies of London," by George Unwin, from a copy sent to us by the London publisher. The book is now on the regular imported list of Chas. Scribner's Sons.

"Pickwick" is to have yet another embodiment, Chapman & Hall (London) announcing its issue in two volumes, with all the original illustrations, besides 250 new ones. The additional pictures represent the places and characters from whom Dickens drew his imaginative sketches; and are gathered together from the collections of Mr. C. Van Norden and others. The notes and other matter of the "Victorian Edition" (edited by C. P. Johnson) are to be included.

Prof. Albert Schinz, writing in the *Monist* (October), offers a comprehensive treatment of "Jean Jacques Rousseau as a Forerunner of Pragmatism," and, specifically, of William James. In dealing with Rousseau's position with reference to the most contemporary of philosophies, Professor Schinz defines pragmatism as "a philosophy that judges of the value of theories and ideas from their consequences—*i. e.*, from the practical results which they yield to the thinker when he proceeds to apply them to reality." His comparative study of Rousseau and Professor James extends even to the length of developing a parallelism in their philosophical evolution.

The note of cosmopolitan scholarship is struck in the most recent additions to the Harper's Library of Living Thought, which are, in each case, English translations of continental treatises. We have two translations by the Rev. H. J. Chaytor, M.A., headmaster of Plymouth College: Bertholet's "Transmigration of Souls" and Becker's "Christianity and Islam." The "Jesus or Paul?" of Dr. Arnold Meyer of the University of Zurich is Englished by the Rev. J. R. Wilkinson M.A., while a translation of "The Origin of the New Testament," by Dr. William Wrede, professor of New Testament exegesis in the University of Breslau, is the work of James S. Hill, B.D. Perhaps the most interesting of these recent publications in "The Library of Living Thought" is "The Life of the Universe," by Svante Arrhenius of Stockholm (translated by Dr. H. Borns). Though this work is issued here in two volumes, the total number of pages is not great, nor are those pages large; and in small bulk Arrhenius has sketched the conception of the universe from the very beginnings. The illustrations are of an added interest, and will increase the attractiveness of this excellent popularization.

The "Wayfarer in New York" (Macmillan) is a little anthology of prose and verse, which attempts to bring out the romantic aspects of this city in something the same way as was done by "London's Lure" this season, and by E. V. Lucas's anthology some time ago. The field, as compared with that of London, is narrow, but the editor has succeeded in making a thoroughly readable volume. He could have done even better if he had not overlooked a number of striking poems and prose extracts—N. P. Willis's "The shadows lay along Broadway," for example, to which Poe has given no more than its just praise. Edward S. Martin has written a charming introduction, which is really one of the best things in the book. What could be neater than his opening words: "New York is a frontier city, situated about half-way between San Francisco and London"?

The "Life, Letters, and Journals" of George Ticknor, originally published some forty years ago, is now brought out by Houghton Mifflin Co. in two volumes, with a number of new illustrations. It may seem superfluous to praise a biography which has long been known as a classic of American literature, yet these classics are perhaps today just the books that need to be brought to general notice. The first volume of these memoirs is delightful reading, and one of the richest treasures in the language for anecdote and characterization of the period. Byron and Talleyrand and Madame de Staël and Humboldt and most of the great lights of the age—not to mention princes and princesses—were pleased with the company of this engaging young American, and talked to him with surprising intimacy. But even better than these anecdotal paragraphs is the account of student life at Göttingen, Ticknor being one of the first of our scholars to seek German training. The second volume falls off somewhat in interest, but is not without various attractions. Altogether, the book can be recommended to those who have not read it as one of the things not to be overlooked. Ferris Greenslet furnishes a happily turned introduction to this new edition.

Sir Charles Santley, who had already more than satisfied the public curiosity in regard to his personal history, has picked up another basket of chips and published them under the title of "Reminiscences of My Life." (Brentano.)

"From My Youth Up" is the title aptly given to her reminiscences by Margaret E. Sangster (Fleming H. Revell Co.). We have read some of these pages with very genuine pleasure, and one such page is that which tells of the old-fashioned prejudice against fiction—particularly as Sunday reading. "My sister and I were young girls when 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' appeared," writes Mrs. Sangster, "and it is not too much to say that it took us by storm. I began reading it on a Saturday afternoon, unfortunately for myself, and at late bedtime laid it reluctantly down. To finish an exciting book of this kind on Sunday was a thing almost impossible, considering

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the habits and convictions of the household and my youthful principles. Nevertheless, on Sunday afternoon, as the book lay upon the bureau in my room, I could not resist the desire to peep into it and read just a little more about little Eva and Uncle Tom. To read standing did not present itself as quite so wrong as to read comfortably seated in a chair." Notwithstanding the undeniable thinness of certain chapters here, and the occasional ornateness of the writer's style, there is a quality of homely moral earnestness in this autobiography that will, with its flavor of sentimentality, endear it to a host of readers. The amiable personality of a writer the characteristics of whose earlier writings this loosely-strung narrative repeats, rather than the anecdote of Mr. Howells's pouring tea, or the account of Tennyson's poetry ("so profoundly philosophical, so devoutly religious, and so finished in style and diction, . . . like a great cathedral lifting its glorious height and its tapering spires to the vaulted sky"), guarantees this book popular acceptance.

Thoreau's "The Maine Woods" now makes a reappearance with an introduction by Clifton Johnson, and thirty-odd photographs of the excellent kind which we associate with Mr. Johnson's name (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.). Such persons as ordinarily find the illustrations of their favorite books a distraction, even a desecration, will be first to enjoy the photographer's visualization of just those scenes and natural objects which were dearest to Thoreau himself. The Maine woods are today no such *terra ignota* as in the lifetime of Thoreau; the most hardened metropolitan is likely to have paddled their rivers and shot their moose. It is not, then, very surprising that the public should show a widening interest in chapters which the author himself published only in the magazines—when he was able to publish them at all.

John Sheepshanks, now Bishop of Norwich, was from 1859 to 1865, the rector of Holy Trinity Church in New Westminster, British Columbia. From his diaries and letters, the Rev. D. Wallace Duthie has compiled a narrative, eking it out with interpolations of his own ("A Bishop in the Rough," E. P. Dutton & Co.). The young clergyman was of the heroic, muscular type, sincerely devoted to his calling, but otherwise indistinguishable from the army of colonizing younger sons, enjoying his hardships and dangers, at home with all sorts of men and conversant with a gun. When one has read of the zest with which he met the adventures that diversified the cure of souls in the Northwest in the sixties, one is not surprised to find that when the time came for his return to England the homeward journey took two years and included the Sandwich Islands, China, Mongolia, the Grand Llama and the Siberian post-road.

In the last quarter of a century many English women have broken away from the traditions established by Miss Strickland in her "Queens of England." Among the most noteworthy of these are Mrs. Sidney Webb, in her various works of collaboration with her distinguished husband, and Mrs. Dale, who a few years ago wrote a work entitled the "Principles of English Constitutional History." A new aspirant for like honors has now come forward, Miss A. M. Chambers of the Bedford High School, who has recently published, through the Macmillan Co. "A Constitutional History of England." If the main object of the work is to impress upon the British public the ability of women to think constitutionally, then it is successful, for the subject is presented with understanding, and with a considerable degree of fairness and good judgment. Miss Chambers has read her authorities with intelligence, and falls into few errors. But if it is the author's aim to supply a work that shall be of use to teachers and students, then she has failed, for her work fills no special gap. Its method of treatment, which is that of Medley's well-known manual, is not one to be commended, as such a topical and sub-topical arrangement destroys the essential and necessary aspects of continuity and development, and is always confusing to students. Because of its plan, the book is wrongly entitled a history; it might more justly have been called "Aspects of the British Constitution, Historically Treated," or "A Compendious Cyclopædia of English Constitutional History." As a reference book, the work is handy and useful, though it is necessarily incomplete. It is well written and in good taste, but is quite devoid of originality, and the author seems to be lacking in the power of interpreting her evidence. For that reason the book does not hold the attention of the reader. It has the faults of Medley's manual without its merits, and another work along these lines is not needed. It is a pity that Miss Chambers could not have taken Montague's elementary work as her model, and in clear and simple language have produced, on a larger scale, a constitutional history for schools based on the best authorities, with bibliographies and comments.

"Confessions of a Macedonian Bandit," by Albert Sonnichsen (Duffield & Co.), furnishes delightful reading. The only criticism to be made is that it should have been longer, for Mr. Sonnichsen gives barely enough information concerning the feuds and counter-feuds, plots and counter-plots, of the various revolutionary factors at work in Macedonia and across the frontier in Bulgaria. Certainly, his position as special adviser to the Macedonian Revolutionary Committee in Sofia gave him a unique opportunity of explaining those troubled events. There is, nevertheless, an atmosphere about the book which brings home to the reader, with a force of which the author is evidently unaware, the pitifully appalling nature of the struggle against Ottoman rule. It shows, too, with startling clearness, the difficulties of a passionate primitive people in their first unaided effort at self-government, an underground self-government at that. Here and there throughout the work are paragraphs and chapters that cast sidelights on the Bulgar character; and every page is shot with the peculiar dry humor of the man who is used to facing danger. Perhaps the best bits in it are those which tell of the surprise of a cheta and the death of Sandy, the author's comrade, and the personal narrative of the chief who kidnapped Miss Stone. For sheer humor, it would be difficult to surpass the latter incident. A number of photographs help to convey an idea of Macedonia and the Macedonians during the tense period of four or five years ago.

Examination of the third and fourth volumes of "The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) confirms and strengthens the judgment that the completed work will prove valuable for reference, especially in the field of church history and ecclesiastical biography. The editors are doing their work well, and the contributors include many of the most competent scholars of Germany, Great Britain, and America. The bibliographies are exceptionally good. Noteworthy articles in the third volume are "China" by Arthur H. Smith, "Christology" by D. S. Schaff and C. A. Beckwith, "Comparative Religion" by George W. Gilmore, "Concordats" by Carl Mirbt, "Creation and Preservation" by O. Zöckler, "Divorce" by George E. Howard, and "Dogma" by A. H. Newman. In the fourth volume one notices "Duns Scotus" by R. Seeberg, "Jonathan Edwards" by Frank H. Foster, "Erasmus" by Ephraim Emerton, "Enlightenment" by Ernst P. W. Troeltsch, "Eden" by Robert W. Rogers, and "Paulus Gerhardt" and a number of biographical titles by Carl Bertheau. The encyclopædia continues to evidence fair, non-partisan, and thorough scholarship, broadly evangelical in spirit, and scientific in temper. There are few articles of extreme length, and salient information is furnished in compact form, with accurate and abundant references to original documents and competent authorities.

To exhibit the diverse sources out of which the English Bible has grown, the contributions from Reformers and Humanists, Catholics and Protestants, orthodox and liberal, and to demonstrate that the Bible is "the most catholic thing in all literature," is the object of the Rev. Samuel McComb, D.D., in "The Making of the English Bible" (Moffat, Yard & Co.). The story is succinctly told, yet with emphasis where it belongs, and with sufficient illustration by way of parallel texts and exhibition of relationships. Dr. McComb contests that the present English versions are by no means final, but that the achievement of a better Hebrew text, more careful study of the Western group of New Testament manuscripts, and especially the discovery of Egyptian papyri, will result in subsequent versions which will embody many improvements in rendering the thought of the original, if not in finish of literary form.

One of the most perplexing problems in connection with the early history of Christianity is that of the Jewish Christians, and for that reason the work of Dr. G. Hoennicke, of the University of Berlin, entitled "Das Judenchristentum im 1 und 2 Jahrhundert," is particularly welcome. The lack of sources and the syncretic character of the several groups of Jewish Christians are the chief cause of these difficulties, and Hoennicke has evidently been successful in doing the best possible under the circumstances. (Berlin: Trowitzsch & Sohn).

Many teachers now prefer the Oxford (Clarendon Press) to the Teubner classical texts on account of the superiority of paper and type and the convenience of having the critical apparatus at the foot of the page. The Herodotus of Carolus Hude, of

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which the second, and final, volume has now appeared, maintains the standards of the series. It records the readings of the Laurentian (LXX), the Roman, and the Vatican MSS., with selections from others, and a few new conjectures by the editor and by Theodor Gomperz. Professor Hude's aim is to reproduce the forms of the archetype manuscript rather than to impose upon the text any rigid theory of the Herodotean dialect. In the second volume the chapters have been subdivided into smaller sections for convenience of reference. This treatment will be extended to the first volume when a second edition is called for.

Whoever recalls Goethe's illuminating characterization of his mother tongue as *unglücklich* and even *barbarisch*, and his loud lament that, as poet, he was compelled to work with such a tool, will find considerable interest in Prof. Johannes Seiler's new book, "Die Anschauungen Goethes von der deutschen Sprache" (Stuttgart: J. C. Cotta), which has been awarded the annual medal of the Deutscher Sprachverein. To be sure, Goethe's tirades against the German language fall chiefly within the decade between 1780 and 1790, when he was busy with the problem of bringing over into German some of the treasures of other literatures, and was chafing under the contrasts between the rugged German and the more musical Italian. Although far from intending to give his days and nights to philology, Goethe seems, as a student, to have interested himself in the study of grammar and the questions of orthography and etymology then agitating scholars, and so it was natural, perhaps, that he early appreciated the study of dialects, recognizing their literary value, and maintaining the right of an author to compose in them. This makes it the more remarkable that he should have failed to observe dialectical conditions about him. As the expression of ideas, the inner feelings, Goethe laid but little value on language, maintaining that language generally, and perhaps the German language more than some others, fails to express adequately the real thought, with the evil result that the truth has no fair chance of utterance. More important than language, in the usual acceptance of the term, is *das Handeln*, or the language of Nature, and Goethe would emphasize spoken, rather than written language, holding as much as possible to the conversational style, even in writing. This probably accounts for his preference for committing his thoughts to paper through the medium of a secretary. Goethe considered the German language sufficient only for those in the middle station of life, without extended education, and maintained that the more highly cultivated person would find other languages necessary—the one for one purpose, the other for another. Goethe believed in literary translations, however, even while maintaining their inadequacy, and thought the English language so nearly related to German as to offer, notwithstanding some difficulties, much encouragement to translator and philologist. Goethe's knowledge of English remained very limited, as compared with his understanding of other languages, ancient and modern, although, as he remarks in his "Italienische Reise," he believed that English could be easily learned.

Sophie Jewett, assistant professor of English literature in Wellesley College, died at Buffalo, N. Y., October 11. She was born at Moravia, in the same State, June 3, 1861, and has held a position in the Wellesley faculty since 1889. Miss Jewett was the author of "The Pilgrim and Other Poems," the editor of one or more texts, and a frequent contributor to the magazines.

Napthali Herz Imber, the East Side poet—one might almost say the East Side Verlaine—died in New York city on October 8. His youthful poem "Hatikvah," expressing in simple lines the longing of the Jews to return to Palestine, became the Jewish national hymn; and its author has always been a picturesque figure at the Zionist conventions, wherever held. Born in Bohemia, the author was always a "Bohemian." At one stage in his checkered career he was associated with Israel Zangwill in publishing a short-lived weekly magazine in London. In this country, he posed as a mahatma, a "wise man of the Indies," and delivered ecstatic lectures on the Buddhist and Hindu religions. Imber's true philosophy was, however, that of Omar—as popularly interpreted.

Science.

The Making of Species. By Douglas Dewar and Frank Finn. New York: John Lane Co. $2.50 net.

A reader might well be pardoned for laying aside this book after reading in the preface a few such passages as the following:

We fear that this book will come as a rude shock to many scientific men. By way of consolation, we may remind such that they will find themselves in much the same position as that occupied by theologians immediately after the appearance of the "Origin of Species."

Fortunately, however, the bark of Messrs. Dewar and Finn is much worse than their bite. The book is in no way revolutionary; and it has singularly few of the faults and many of the real virtues peculiar to amateur science. The authors have a good acquaintance with the literature of biology and most of the important tendencies of the time receive due attention (with the exception, perhaps, of the work of the palæontologists on orthogenesis). They are in general accord with the position of most judicial biologists in recognizing the importance of natural selection as a sifting force, while emphasizing the fact that the origin of species requires the intervention of other agencies, among which more or less definite mutations and the factor of isolation are of obvious importance. Their own special contributions to the subject consist of valuable sidelights thrown upon the problem of evolution by the practical experience of the field naturalist (both have studied ornithology in England and in India), and by a somewhat indiscriminating survey of breeders' journals.

The objections to natural selection as an all-sufficient agent in species-forming are first reviewed (following Kellogg). Then come chapters on variation, hybridism, inheritance (with a suggestive analysis of heredity interpreted as a chemical phenomenon), coloration, and sexual dimorphism. The treatment of color is an effective summary of the arguments of Beddard and others against Poulton's extreme Neo-Darwinian position, and includes a review of some observations of Kay Robinson's, as to the effect of highly colored flowers in warding off herbivorous animals. In a final chapter the various factors of evolution are critically considered. Emphasis is well placed on the importance of climate and parasitic diseases in the struggle for existence; and it is maintained with reason that obvious specific characters may often be correlated with other characters, more obscure, but of higher selective value.

Altogether, this is certainly a fairer statement of the species problem than can be found in many of the books written by biologists of high standing but with a bias toward some special factor in the evolutionary process. For the general reader, however, its lack of proportion and self-assertive style place it far below such a book as Jordan and Kellogg's "Evolution and Animal Life." As reference books, Plate's "Selectionsprinzip" and Kellogg's "Darwinism Today" remain unsurpassed. The professional biologist will receive neither "a rude shock" nor "a fresh impetus" from Messrs. Dewar and Finn; but he will find in their field notes and in their quotations of breeders' gossip an occasional grain of wheat.

Hugo de Vries's "The Mutation Theory" (Volume I) will soon be issued by the American publishers, The Open Court Publishing Company, in a large volume containing twelve full-page color-illustrations, and over one hundred halftones.

"Experiments on the Generation of Insects," translated from Francesco Redi of Arezzo's Italian text of 1688 by Mab Bigelow, is to be issued this autumn by the same house in an illustrated edition limited to one thousand copies.

William Coles-Finch's "Water: Its Origin and Use" (Van Nostrand Co.) is an anachronism. It bears date of 1909, but in style and matter it belongs to the "Wonders of Nature" period, or even to that of the Bridgewater Treatises. The author evidently wrote it to please himself, and it will probably be of use to nobody else. It is a heterogeneous collection of facts and fancies which have caught his attention in the course of years, and which he has duly copied down and put together; statistics, descriptions of scenery, moralizing, historical anecdotes, bits of chemistry and engineering, and quotations from the Bible, the poets, Lord Avebury, and Dean Hole, nearly five hundred pages of the jumble. For his geology he relies mostly on Hugh Miller, Buckland, and Ruskin. He dis-

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cusses mineral springs with no reference to helium, and gives an analysis of the air carried out to the second decimal with no room for argon. He adds, however, a parenthetical note that "according to Rayleigh, air contains one per cent. of argon," apparently implying that this opinion is an idiosyncracy of his lordship. In short, the book is commonplace, antiquated, uncritical, and erroneous.

The latest school of thought on the bringing up of children has laid it down as a basic principle that infancy shall largely eat what it likes and behave as it pleases. The older view which places certain duties of guidance upon parents, is still upheld in Professor Holt's "The Care and Feeding of Children," of which the fifth edition has just been brought out by D. Appleton & Co. There is quite a list of things that children under the age of ten must not do. They should abstain from all pies, tarts, pastry, jam, syrups, preserved fruits, nuts, candy, and dried fruits. The child's reputed "natural" craving for sweets is declared to be an artificially created instinct. Eating between meals is bad; eating hurriedly or without desire is bad; cleanliness is always to be striven for; fresh air is to be courted. We have here in condensed and easily accessible form, the main teachings of the classical as opposed to the romantic or magazine theory of child hygiene.

The announcement of a book by Prof. William Ostwald always leads to expectation of something new and extraordinary, and the reading of the book seldom brings disappointment. His latest work ("Fundamental Principles of Chemistry," translated by Harry W. Morse; Longmans, Green & Co.) is no exception; in fact, it is one of the most satisfying of all the writings of this prolific author in the field of physico-chemical science. He here presents the principles of the science broadly and without entering in detail into the numerous properties of individual substances. He lays emphasis also on an aspect of scientific work too often slurred over, especially by those engaged in original research—the orderly arrangement, that is, of facts already known and a clear interpretation of their interrelations. The book is not meant for young students, but every candidate for the doctorate would profit by its reading. Every modern teacher will recognize its value and see that a copy is in his library.

Dr. John Phillips Reynolds, for twenty years a professor in the Harvard Medical School, and in his time one of the foremost obstetricians of the country, died at his home in Boston on October 10, aged eighty-three years.

Dr. Herman Endemann, who for many years served as an editor of publications of the American Chemical Society, died on October 8 at his home in Brooklyn. He was born in Germany in 1841, held the doctorate of the University of Marburg, and was for a time connected with the School of Mines at Columbia University.

Bryan Cookson, the astronomer, has recently died in England, at the age of thirty-six. Since this young English scientist's return from the Cape Observatory, under Sir David Gill, he had erected a zenith telescope at Cambridge for the measurement of variations in the latitude and the constant of aberration, and had joined the observatory staff of Sir Robert Ball.

Drama.

Roses: Four one-act plays by Hermann Sudermann. Translated from the German by Grace Frank. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

The finical detraction, which, of late years, Sudermann has suffered in his own country, makes any foreign tribute to his fame the more welcome. The German critics, who accuse him, not without reason, of an occasional lapse into the theatrical, have been in danger of forgetting the combination of elegance and passion that marks the best prose dialogue of the modern German stage. Because he verges at times on the neurotic, they withhold the praise due to his incisive knowledge of life, both in his own province (East Prussia) and the capital of the empire. To illustrate these qualities of his to an American public, a happier example of his work than "Rosen" might have been selected. A full-sized play, the admirable "Glück im Winckel," or the powerful, if somewhat crass, "Blumenboot," would have served better. If, on the other hand, a group of one-act plays was specifically desired, it is hard to understand the preference given to "Rosen" over the earlier "Morituri," with its perfect little masterpiece—already a classic—of "Fritzchen." But even the four plays in the present volume, highly characteristic of Sudermann's later manner, deserved a more fortunate rendering into English than they have here received.

Miss Frank, it is to be regretted, mistranslates plain words, fails to render the sense of obvious sentences, and blandly leaves out pregnant and characteristic expressions. One may illustrate almost at random. "Of a prosperous lawyer" (p. 47), should be "of a fashionable lawyer" ("eines mondainen Advokaten"); "what a luxury," (p. 52), fails quite to render: "Ist das eine Pracht!" ("what magnificence!" or "splendor"); "you can talk it into yourself" (p. 81), is neither sense nor English for "du kannst dir einreden," ("you can persuade yourself, talk yourself into the notion"). But these are not instances of Miss Frank's most unhappy blunders. The lawyer Ebeling in "Margot" says: "To-day every one is grateful to me, even . . . that poor, unhappy wife" ("ist mir jeder dankbar, selbst . . ."). Miss Frank turns this crucial speech into (p. 64): "To-day some one is grateful to me . . ." and wholly misses the sense. Again, and more flagrantly, Miss Frank writes (p. 122): "I suppose you never were courted by women as he was?" Is not that an incredibly careless rendering of "Hoffendlich haben Sie nie Erfolge bei Frauen gehabt wie er!" ("it is to be hoped that you never had his success with women"). The speech, extremely poignant and tragic, in its place, "as if, unawares, one looked into a blind man's eyes," ("unverwandt einem Blinden in die Augen sieht!") becomes in Miss Frank's version (p. 119), "as if I were looking a blind man in the eyes." The master word of the clause, "unverwandt," is simply left out. Similar examples could be indefinitely multiplied, but it is needless. Miss Frank misses utterly the tone of gorgeous courtesy used by the Prussian officer, and renders the difficult German prepositions with merciless indiscriminateness. Nor is this all. She is determined that Sudermann shall be proper and translates the intense cry of Julia in "Streaks of Light," "nicht Dirne sein müssen, selbst wenn man Dirne ist!" by "I shouldn't have to be a bad woman—even if I am one," which is nonsense. If Sudermann shocks you, it is permissible to leave him alone; it is not permissible to make him talk like a schoolgirl. We have far too few translations of the modern German dramatists, but renderings such as Miss Frank's can serve neither author nor reader.

The New Theatre management announces that so great has been the demand for seats for its subscription performances that an additional series has been arranged for the first-night performances of the twelve plays promised, all the orchestra and balcony seats being offered for subscription. The premières fall on the evenings of November 8, 11, and 17; December 4, 16, and 30; January 12 and 26; February 17, and March 3, 14, and 28.

Paris theatres will offer this season new plays by MM. Brieux and Bernstein (the American rights of M. Bernstein's "Après moi le Déluge" have been secured by Charles Frohman); and M. Bourget is giving the finishing touches to a play for the Vaudeville, "The Barricade." Meantime the season opens with a success for M. Pierre Decourcelle, who, in "Le Roy sans Royaume," at the Porte St. Martin, deals with the legend of the Dauphin's escape from the Temple. Another historical play that has much the same background, the spectacular "Révolution Française" of M. Henri Cain, is staged at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt.

Music.

Richard Wagner an seine Künstler. Herausgegeben von Erich Kloss. Berlin: Schuster & Loeffler.

Herbert Spencer pronounced Carlyle's definition of genius as a transcendent capacity of taking trouble "incredibly stupid," pointing out that, quite the contrary, genius is the ability to do with little trouble what ordinary mor-

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tals cannot do with any amount of trouble. Yet, without the capacity of taking pains, genius is helpless. Wagner had this capacity, and he had what Edison has called the chief factor of success: "The power of sticking to a thing." For nearly a quarter of a century, he worked on the poems and the scores of his four Nibelung operas, and when at last they were done, he did not take the easy method of placing them in the hands of some royal manager for production, but planned and built a special theatre for them at Bayreuth, and took the additional trouble of personally engaging the artists for the forty-nine parts called for in these four works, as well as the players for an orchestra of unusual dimensions, and of superintending all the details of the rehearsals.

What a Herculean labor he thus laid on his shoulders we realize on reading these letters to his artists and other helpers at the Nibelung festival of 1876, and the "Parsifal" festival of 1882. There are 360 printed in this volume, about one-half of them for the first time, and it must be remembered that this collection is actually the second volume of his "Bayreuther Briefe," the first being devoted to the business letters relating to the festivals. Among the recipients are Hans Richter, Anton Seidl, Hermann Levi, Felix Mottl, August Wilhelmj, Julius Hey, Josef Sucher, Edward Dannreuther, Hans von Wolzogen, Lilli Lehmann, Amalie Materna, Franz Betz, Albert Niemann, Emil Scaria, and many others.

"I am obliged," he wrote to Niemann, "to devote this whole winter (1872) to visiting all the German opera houses, great and small, in order to find out about their singers." When he had found out, and had laid his plans, he invited the chosen ones separately to his home at Bayreuth to get preliminary personal instructions from him regarding their rôles. None could be trusted to find their way unaided in this new art. To the famous Betz, he wrote, in 1874: "I therefore expect you this summer, at your convenience, to come for the first perusal of your part at the piano, to lay the foundation for study." Karl Hill he begged not to look at the music of the parts assigned to him till he came to Bayreuth, "because I prefer that you should make your first acquaintance with them through me, as I consider myself the only one qualified for this." Of his method of imparting to these singers a correct conception of their parts, many interesting illustrations are given (*e. g.*, on pages 37, 56, 68, 157, 168, 201, 329, 332, 340, 360). In the case of the flower girls in "Parsifal," he availed himself of the assistance of Humperdinck, who visited each one separately in the town where she happened to live —for even these chorus girls were carefully selected from various opera companies. Then Lilli Lehmann and Heinrich Porges took charge of them, and Conductor Levi was told that if one of them could not sing the high B flat softly and tenderly, "away with her!" "A single shrill voice would spoil everything," he wrote on this point to Lilli Lehmann.

His missives to Lehmann—"the best of all Lillis," the "dear child and colleague," as he calls her—are perhaps the most interesting in the volume. She was all enthusiasm, and she sang and worked for love of what she knew to be a great cause, asking no compensation. This question of paying the famous singers who coöperated with him was a very serious one to Wagner; money he had little, and he trusted to their willingness to accept little more than sufficed to cover their expenses. Scaria alone made any serious trouble on this score; but subsequently he became the most devoted of friends. Betz was otherwise obstreperous. He vowed, in 1876, he would never sing at Bayreuth again; but Wagner implored him to reconsider this, as on his coöperation and Niemann's would depend the possibility of having another Nibelung festival in a year or two. It was during the preparations for the "Parsifal" performances, however, that the singers caused Wagner the most embarrassment. There were to be three casts, all of famous singers, and it took no end of diplomacy to arrange the question of precedence—who was to appear at the première. This, too, was finally arranged satisfactorily.

As intimated, Wagner was as careful in the choice of players as in that of singers. While visiting all the German opera houses he picked out a good flute-player here, a fine trumpeter there. One tuba player is discarded because his tone on the lowest notes is not strong enough. He has an alto oboe made to order, to be used in place of the English horn; he commends and adopts Ritter's improved viola (p. 174); and he writes to Dannreuther in London asking him to select a special variety of Chinese tamtam for the chimes in "Parsifal." Everywhere and always "a transcendent capacity of taking trouble."

In reading these letters one realizes once more vividly how lucky it was for us that Anton Seidl was the man chosen to make Americans acquainted with the later music-dramas of Wagner. In him the composer had unbounded confidence, as several of the letters in this volume show. "None of the conductors," he wrote to Neumann, "knows my tempi and the suiting of the action to the music. Seidl learned these things from me. He will conduct the Nibelungen better for you than any one else." Not that he considered him without faults; to Dannreuther he wrote: "Keep Seidl at it. He is very reliable, but—at times—careless." In copying manuscripts Seidl was capable of making errors, which Fischer had to correct. In a letter to Mottl, he refers to Seidl's "innate indolence"—a trait which he exchanged on this side of the ocean for true American strenuousness.

It is asserted that the new Milwaukee auditorium, opened on September 21, is "the most perfect and magnificent public hall in the world." The edifice contains, besides the great auditorium, seating ten thousand persons, several smaller halls, one of which is particularly suited for chamber music.

Prior to his appearance with the Philharmonic Orchestra in January, Dr. Wüllner's only recital will be that given at Carnegie Hall on the afternoon of October 16.

Last May ten prizes were offered by the Berlin *Signale* for the best compositions submitted before September 1; and eight hundred and seventy-one manuscripts have been entered in this competition.

Dudley Buck, who died in West Orange, N. J., October 6, at the age of seventy years, was equally famed as organist and as composer of sacred music. He was one of the few native musicians who had no reason to complain that the American composer is overlooked, although some of his most important works, including two operas, a symphony, a concertino, and an overture, have not been printed. His largest published works are two oratorios, "The Golden Legend" and "The Light of Asia." In 1876 he wrote a cantata, "The Centennial Meditation of Columbus." He is at his best in his compositions for male voices. He received his musical education chiefly in Germany, where he spent five of the most impressionable years of his youth at the Leipzig Conservatory and at Dresden.

Art.

The same revelation is made in Dr. Edwin Atlee Barber's "Maiolica of Mexico" (one of the art handbooks published by the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art) as in several recent monographs on Spanish colonial architecture. The vigorous creativeness of Spanish-American craftsmen contrasts with the meagreness of English colonial arts and crafts. The reader of this book discovers that a beautiful fictile art, based originally upon the practices of the makers of Spanish faience and influenced later by importations of Chinese and Japanese wares, flourished in Mexico for about three centuries. Though it became decadent in the nineteenth century, it is by no means dead. Much stanniferous pottery, some of it of good quality, is still made at Puebla, the centre of the industry from the beginning. That so little has been known about this art is surprising. Enamelled tiles were employed in the adornment of many of the cathedrals familiar to tourists. Pottery has been exported in considerable quantities. Yet, until Dr. Barber's researches proved the contrary, the assertion was frequently made that tin enamelled pottery had never been produced in the western hemisphere. It has, however, been made in Mexico, and search among manuscript rec-

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ords has revealed the conditions under which the industry was carried on at various periods, and has made it possible to classify styles and marks.

"Corot and his Friends," by Everard Meynell (A. Wessels Co.), is in its way a remarkable piece of book-making; few have succeeded in producing so large a volume with so very little in it. It is agreeably enough written, in a fluttering, touch and go, allusive manner, but all it really tells us about Corot might be put in two of its three hundred octavo pages. It is true there is a certain amount of rambling information about other people whose connection with the master, when it exists at all, is often of the slightest, but not all of this is accurate. It is somewhat startling to be told that Diaz, who is said to have lost his leg at fifteen from the bite of a viper, "ended his fit of existence" from the same cause in 1876. Two vipers in one life is too many. The only things in the book one is glad to have are the illustrations, though one hardly sees what the copies of two lithographs, one by Gavarni and the other by Daumier, have to do there. The reproductions of Corot's own works will be a revelation of his variety to many who think of him as the painter of one endlessly repeated picture, and the very fault of the reproductions, which are too black-and-white, tends to accent the solid skeleton of structure and of light and shade that underlies his vaporousness.

"Le Musée du Louvre" (H. Laurens) forms a series of five volumes by the curators. The present number, by Jean Guiffrey, describes the paintings, drawings, and engravings, with 105 illustrations. The four other volumes deal, or are to deal, with the Louvre palace; Egyptian and Oriental antiquities; Greek and Roman ditto; and sculpture and art objects of the Middle Ages, Renaissance, and modern times. With inevitable *lacunæ* and defects of organization, the Louvre still constitutes the art collection of widest sweep ever brought together. All these volumes belong to the general series of Les Grandes Institutions de France.

Charles-Antoine Fournier, "Jean Dolent," has died at Paris, the place of his birth in 1835. Known outside his own country as a collector and a writer on art, "Jean Dolent" was at various times an editor or contributor of the *Gaulois*, the *Revue contemporaine*, and the *Temps*. His "Petit manuel d'Art" appeared in 1873; he wrote, as well, "Le Livre d'art des femmes," "Amoureux d'art," "Nouvelles á l'eau-forte," and a number of romances.

The French caricaturist, Lemot, a pupil of André Gill, died last month at Asnières, near Paris. In recent years he contributed his best work to *La Croix*.

Finance.

THE TIGHTENING OF MONEY.

The somewhat unexpected advance in the Bank of England's official discount rate, last Thursday—the first advance since 1907—came with a rise in the Imperial German Bank's official rate from 3½ to 4 per cent., and was followed, on Monday, by a further advance at the German bank to 5 per cent. In the week before the London bank rate rose, surplus reserves of the New York Associated Banks were reported at $1,600,000, the lowest figure reached at the opening of October in exactly twenty years. Two days before the advance at the Bank of England, rates for demand loans on the Wall Street market went to 6 per cent., the highest rate touched since full payments to depositors were resumed at the banks in January, 1908.

All this sufficiently establishes the fact, which had heretofore been disputed in many quarters, that the tightening of money is a world-wide symptom. The new rates fixed in this series of advances are not high, if contrasted with the figures attained in such autumn seasons as those of 1906 and 1907. To-day's 3 per cent. rate at the Bank of England compares with 6 per cent. in 1906 and 7 in 1907; the Bank of Germany's present 5 per cent. rate compares with rates of 6 and 7½, respectively, in the two other years; and Wall Street paid on occasion 40 to 125 per cent. for its call loans in the same periods. But the importance of the movement lies in its indication of existing tendencies.

For this general tightening of money there are three causes. One of them is the recovery in trade, especially in the iron industry, from its after-panic prostration. Another is the immense amount of new securities, floated on nearly all the world's great markets during the twelvemonth past, with a view to taking advantage of an easy money market. The third, and at present the most potent cause, is the outburst of speculation for the rise in stocks, notably on the Berlin and New York markets.

The situation has, however, some aspects out of the ordinary. For nearly six months past, a speculation of unusual magnitude has been in progress on the German and American markets. At New York these operations for the rise, under the auspices of the most powerful banking interests in the country, have gone to great extremes. The market value of Steel shares in particular has been enhanced, during that period, $280,000,000, and, since the operation was conducted on the basis of loans raised on collateral of these very Steel shares, the capital tied up was of portentous magnitude. A similar process has, moreover, been at work in half a dozen other stocks. Conservative critics warned the powerful speculators, months ago, that to press this advance in the face of the harvest needs for money, and through use of the very reserve money which interior banks would presently require to move the crops, was to incur great risk; but the speculators treated the warnings with contempt. "Steel" touched its highest price a day after the bank statement showed a nearly exhausted New York surplus.

To help out their position, these easy-going financiers arranged for extensive shifting of loans and liabilities from the New York banks to inland institutions. When this expedient began to fail, as the call for harvest funds taxed the resources of the inland banks, the "shifting process" was diverted to the New York trust companies. But those companies, under the new law of 1908, are now required to keep a definite ratio of reserves to liabilities, and their assumption of bank loans, two weeks ago, nearly exhausted their own surplus. To save the speculation from collapse, therefore, recourse was had last week to the London market, and last Saturday's statement showed the astonishing decrease, in the loan account of the New York Associated Banks, of $49,400,000—the largest weekly decrease, by nearly $20,000,000, in the history of New York banking. It was perfectly understood, at London and on Wall Street, that this extraordinary contraction was effected, not by reducing credits granted to the Stock Exchange, but by wholesale transfer of Wall Street loans to London banks.

When the German bank rate advanced last month, the president of the bank publicly stated that the marking-up of money was intended to curb the excesses of stock speculation at Berlin. The rise in the Bank of England rate was as clearly recognized as a warning to speculative Wall Street. It now remains to be seen what the sequel on the speculative markets is to be. In 1905, when the Bank of England rate went up from 2½ to 3 per cent. on September 7, and to 4 on September 13, the London *Economist* remarked:

> The whole question hinges on the New York demand. The cardinal point is, that the withdrawals on American account are made for the support of Wall Street operations, and are not governed by ordinary exchange conditions. . . . The [New York] banks have piled up their loans to an unprecedented amount, and allowed their cash reserves to run so low that they are ill-prepared to meet the demand upon them for harvest purposes. They could, of course, strengthen themselves by calling in loans; but, as that would cause trouble in Wall Street, the financial magnates by whom the banks are largely controlled will seek rather to draw money from this side to replenish the depleted reserves.

Again, when the English bank rate, on October 11 and 19, 1906, rose from 4 to 5 per cent., and then to 6, the same financial authority thus described the situation:

> The gold drain which has led to the present situation has been largely due to the extent to which Lombard Street had financed commercial and speculative activity in the United States. . . . It would be well if those who have been lending so freely on American collateral would now curtail the facilities they are offering, and, if the

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banks were to refrain, as far as possible from renewing American finance bills.

In a reminiscent way, it may be asked what followed. In 1905, the Bank of England's action did not obstruct the programme of the Wall Street pool, though it helped to cause the 125 per cent. call money market of December. In 1906, when 4 per cent., the high rate of the year before, proved equally futile in stopping Wall Street's extravagances in the European credit market, the bank raised its rate to 5 and then to 6, threatening 7 if the use of English money for the purpose was continued. It did not continue; the speculation broke down.

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